50 CENTS
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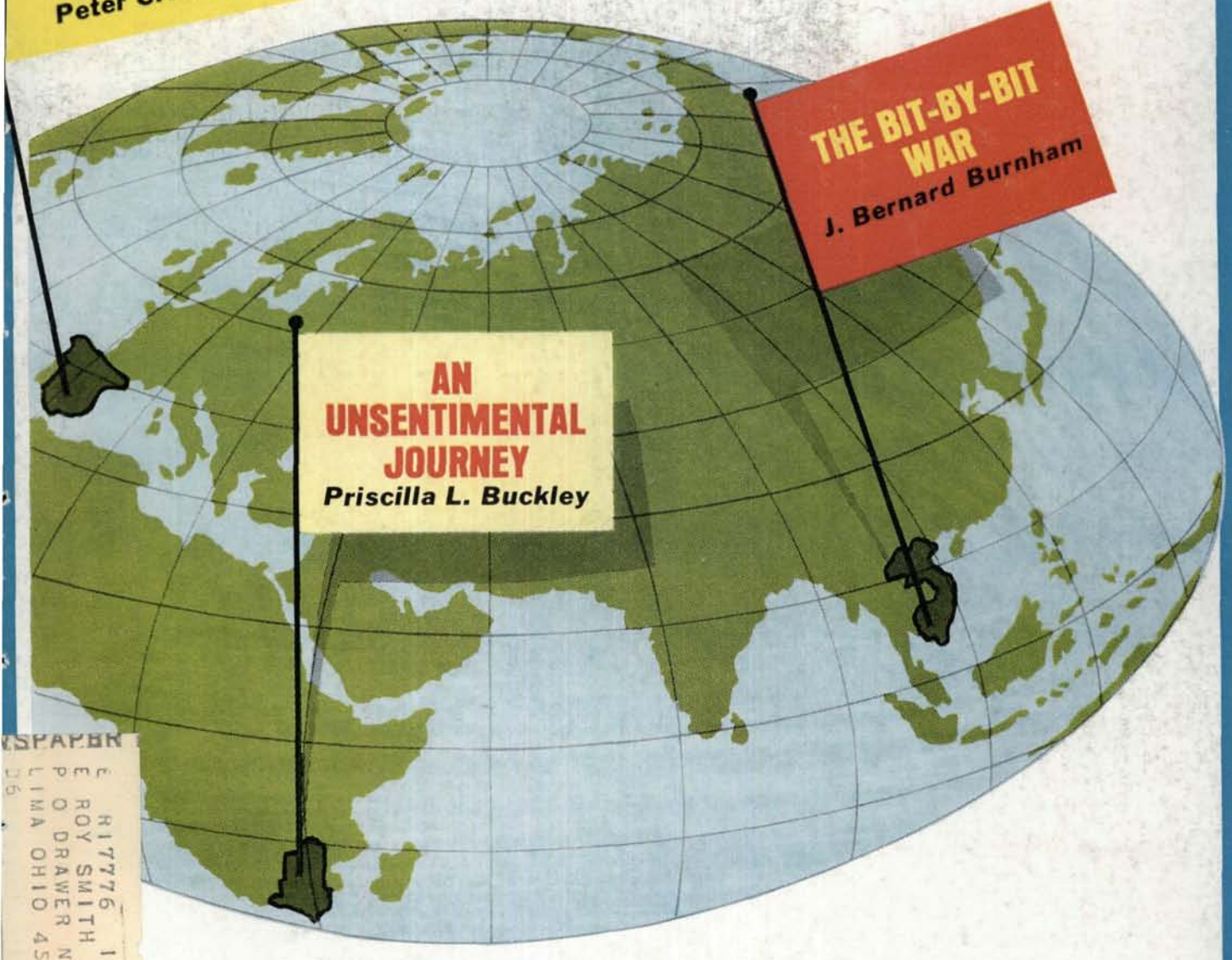
JANUARY 10, 1967

The Kennedys
Look at History
—AN EDITORIAL

NATIONAL REVIEW

EL CORDOBÉS
IN THE
AFTERNOON
Peter Crumpet



THE BIT-BY-BIT
WAR
J. Bernard Burnham

AN
UNSENTIMENTAL
JOURNEY
Priscilla L. Buckley

Also In This Issue:

KIRK ON THE SOUTHERN DOGMA ♦ WILHELMSEN ON GABRIEL MARCEL ♦ LEJEUNE ON THE GOLDEN MYTH OF IAN FLEMING ♦ MOWRER ON APPEASEMENT ♦ RUSSELL AT THE MOVIES ♦

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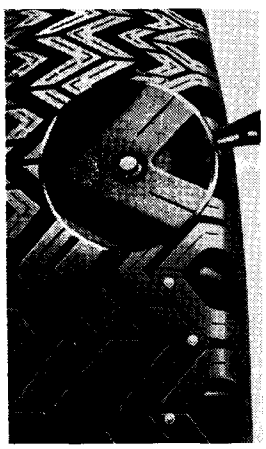

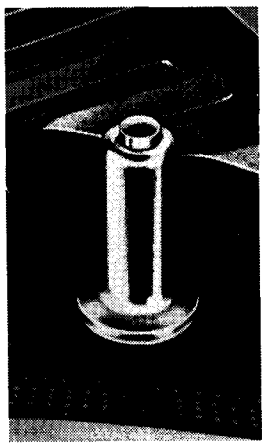

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JANUARY 10, 1967

NATIONAL REVIEW

Vol. XIX No. 1

10 THE WEEK

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

6 To the Editor
18 South Africa: An Unsentimental Journey *by Priscilla L. Buckley*
32 Transition Point *by James Burnham*
33 El Cordobés in the Afternoon *by Peter Crumpet*
34 Dissent from an Anti-Revisionist *by William F. Rickenbacker*
35 The Bit-by-Bit War *by J. Bernard Burnham*
38 The Dogma of the South *by Russell Kirk*
39 Help for the Stricken *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
51 Trans-O-Gram
54 For the Record

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

40 Analysis of Appeasement *by Edgar Ansel Mowrer*
41 The Man Behind the Golden Myth *by Anthony Lejeune*
42 The Budget, Automation, Gold *by William F. Rickenbacker*
45 The Chandelier of Existence *by Frederick D. Wilhelmsen*
47 Paris Warmed Up *by Francis Russell*
49 Books in Brief

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Spend two weeks in a new country, once advised a great philosopher, or else two years: anything in between and the particularities of place become fused with the whirling generalities of life. **Priscilla L. Buckley,** in company with a group of American journalists, toured South Africa for one month last year, time to enumerate, and distinguish among, a host of particularities, but also time to perceive what ideologues East and West would never suspect: that South Africa is not more nor less than its people, trying to grapple with a series of human situations. Her report, in travel-diary form, begins on p. 18. . . . In another corner of the world, to which he is entirely committed, **Peter Crumpet** sips an afternoon coffee, sniffs the perfume of the flowering acacia, and ponders the tauromachian ways of El Cordobés, jet set pet and idol of Spain, who is to bullfighting as Bob Dylan is to poetry. . . . In Vietnam, where Americans have no choice but to settle indefinitely, we are pursuing a strategy that makes sense only to the "conflict managers," in the opinion of **J. Bernard Burnham,** who supports his theory with the incident of the Cuban missiles, when we took the enemy by surprise instead of giving the show away in advance. Mr. Burnham has just been released from three years' service on a major military command.

➔ **James Burnham** writes, like his son, on Vietnam, and provides further arguments against our present conduct of the war. . . . **Russell Kirk** leaves the Academy for this issue and mixes it up with sanctimonious Northern politicos who speak sneeringly of the Southern way of life, as if it were all Erskine Caldwell and no Robert E. Lee. . . . "The Open Question," where *NR* editors contend, is reserved this time to **William F. Rickenbacker,** who dissents from certain conclusions on Pearl Harbor advanced in the December 13 issue of this magazine. Mr. Rickenbacker, whose views on some new economics texts are to be found on p. 42, is at work on a new book. Subject: gold. . . . And if you couldn't find your way home New Year's Eve, or are sorry you did, attend to **Nika Standen Hazelton**'s cures for holiday hangovers that are too far out for Alka-Seltzer but still this side of electroshock therapy.

➔ No sooner is it 1967 than **Edgar Ansel Mowrer** is pleased to announce "the political book of the year"—M. Stanton Evans' fiery *The Politics of Surrender.* Mr. Mowrer's most recent book was *An End to Make-Believe,* published 1966, and he is now at work on his autobiography. . . . **Anthony Lejeune,** our London correspondent, knew the late Ian Fleming well and takes issue with a new biography of the man behind James Bond. . . . A new study of Marcel is approved by **Frederick D. Wilhelmsen,** teaching at the University of Dallas and serving as an editor of *Triumph.* . . . **Francis Russell** went to a new movie about the liberation of Paris, found contemporary interpolations all mixed up with the *actualités,* Kirk Douglas playing Patton, and hand grenades playing atom bombs. But there, *grâce à Dieu,* goes General de Gaulle, Himself ➔

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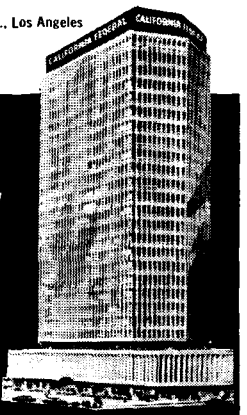

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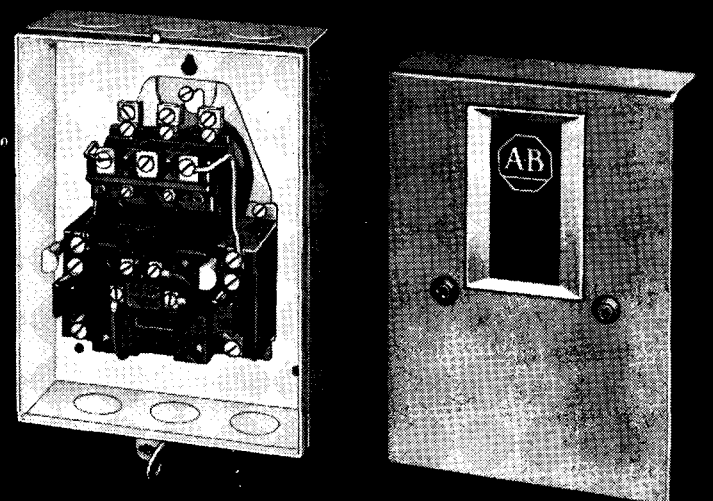

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AB

TO THE EDITOR

Bowser Holly?

I want to tell you of my delight with the sorry saga of Yuletide yodeling as written by Aloise B. Heath [Dec. 27]. However, I lament that in a careful search of Mrs. Heath's article nowhere could I find the answer to a puzzle that has long troubled me. To wit: What did old Bowser Holly do that was so bad that he was decked in the hall?

Washington, D.C. JACK R. ANDERSON

Pearl Harbor

The Pearl Harbor exposé of Dec. 13 by *NR* was a masterpiece. I have been waiting literally for 25 years to know the truth of exactly what happened and who was really responsible.

Lakewood, Cal. BOB SCUTT

NR's Pearl Harbor montage left me moon-eyed. More of Mr. Percy Greaves and revisionism!

La Jolla, Cal. JOHN FINN JR.

Keep pouring it on. Maybe it will be possible—in our lifetime—to see the names of Admiral Kimmel and General Short cleared of the responsibility for that tragedy, and the blame placed where it belongs, on the shoulders of FDR, Stimson, Marshall and Stark.

Portland, Ore. CLARENCE W. WALIS

I have read with a sense of deep shock Admiral Beatty's account of Pearl Harbor Day.

On May 12, 1941, the Japanese government presented ours with a proposal for a wholly unacceptable new agreement. If only the Japanese were willing to live up to existing agreements, a new agreement seemed to us to be unnecessary. However, we agreed to explore the prospects of a mutually satisfactory pact.

Successive proposals were put forward by the Japanese, each narrower than its predecessor and accompanied by growing pressure. Concurrently Secretary of State Hull was being urged by the Army and the Navy to keep the conversations going as long as possible in order that we might have more time to prepare militarily. I do not know of any other American statesman who would have had the patience, the endurance, and the skill to keep those conversations going for nine weary months.

In mid-November we received the decoded Japanese message to Ambassador Nomura to the effect that unless we accepted by the end of the month their demands things would automatically be-

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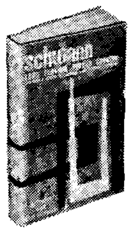

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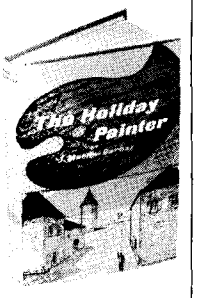

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gin to happen. Under the circumstances and in the light of the persistent pressure of the Japanese to force us to give in, how could we have looked otherwise than as an ultimatum at the Japanese extreme proposal of November 20? I am sure that Admiral Beatty and every other American patriot would have rejected any of the Japanese proposals made.

I see no justification, however, for labeling our reply to the Japanese of November 26 as an ultimatum. It contained no threat, expressed or implied, that they had anything to fear if they rejected our proposal. In fact, the "ten-point proposal," which has been widely quoted and defined as an "ultimatum" by our revisionists, was prefaced by a statement that further effort be made to resolve our differences; and with this object in view "the United States offers for the consideration of the Japanese government a plan of a broad but simple settlement as one exemplification of a program that might be worked out during further conversations." The revisionists, however, make no mention of this passage which is an integral part of the communication we delivered to the Japanese government.

New York, N.Y. JOSEPH W. BALLANTINE

The author of the above letter became a State Department official in 1937 and Director of the Office of Far Eastern Affairs in 1944. For more on Pearl Harbor revisionism, see "The Open Question," p. 34. —ED.

Mormonism and Race

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) does not proclaim the "congenital and perpetual inferiority of the black race," either officially or unofficially. Your parallel of Mormonism and states' rightism [Dec. 13] is almost a good one. If you had pointed out that the Church has no such doctrine, though there are (almost certainly) members of the Church who believe, not that the Church teaches it, but that it is true, you would have had a parallel to the true doctrine of states' rights, which also has its adherents whose motives are less than pure. Governor Romney has accepted the propaganda that all states' rightists are racial bigots; *NR* should *not* accept the dictum that the Mormon Church preaches racial inferiority.

New York, N.Y. GORDON S. JONES

Humpty Dumpty Democrats

I was intrigued by Gilbert Comte's discussion of "democracy" as practiced in some new African states ["The New Democrats," Dec. 13]. Shouldn't we judge the actions of the African leaders who seem to say one thing and do another, according to Comte, by *their* ethical system rather than by ours? In this "other" system (Marxian so-called) flexible values are assigned to concepts for the sake of expediency. Thus any dictator, like Humpty Dumpty in Alice's wonderland, can make words mean anything he chooses. From this viewpoint, there is nothing contradictory in a Nkrumah's (or a Castro's) coming to the United States and stating publicly, "We aspire to comply with democratic principles as they exist in Great Britain and the United States," and then going back to Ghana (or Cuba) and establishing the worst kind of dictatorship. Nothing at all contradictory when it is realized that the function of the Marxian ethical system is to promote the interests of the user.

Greeley, Colo. ROY COLBY

Elections '66

The analysis of the election in the November 29 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW was outstanding and informative. I believe it is the most objective analysis I have had come to my attention.

Salt Lake City, Utah EZRA TAFT BENSON

Once Removed

In the November 29 issue, on the In This Issue page, you say, "The late Edith Hamilton called Kipling, of all latter-day poets, the closest to Homer." In her book *The Greek Way* I only find Kipling discussed in the chapter on Pindar, pages 88 and 89. "The mirror Kipling holds up to him [Pindar] is a tiny thing; nevertheless we shall not find a better." On page 90 she says Pindar is the greatest after Homer.

Therefore, shouldn't your sentence read: ". . . Kipling . . . the closest to Pindar"?

Saint Charles, Ill. JUSTINE H. BOHN

A Good Read

Winstons taste good. The picture looks good. And, unlike a student versed in Mr. Kirk's phonics, a book reads "good," *pace* Mr. Meyer and NATIONAL REVIEW's proofreaders. The verb in each sentence is copulative and therefore takes a predicate adjective. Even though the prescription is largely factitious, I share Mr. Meyer's preference [Nov. 15] for a prescriptive dictionary over one solely descriptive. For that reason alone do I point out the *gaffe* in Mr. Meyer's review of the Random House dictionary.

Chicago, Ill. RICHARD L. COUNTS III

"Read," pace Mr. Counts, is not copulative. See Oxford English Dictionary, *VOL. VIII, Pt. 1, p. 195, par. 18b.* —FSM

Beautification

The recent article, "Abolish the Highways?" by J. B. Jackson [Nov. 29], made interesting reading. No nation in the visual pollution along its highways. We sometimes wonder if businessmen have

(Continued on p. 53)

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The WEEK

● It is fine to see Democratic governors criticizing Lyndon Johnson not because of our involvement in Vietnam, but because of the excesses of the Great Society, and the flair of his lieutenants for mismanagement. Many of the people who should have been most grateful to the Democrats for piling up one after another federal program quite unpredictably and quite ungratefully turned away from the Democrats in last month's elections, complained the governor of Iowa, Mr. Hughes, who at this rate wonders indignantly whether he will succeed in becoming senator in 1968. And West Virginia, the garden spot of federal welfare, is acting positively mutinous towards the Federal Government. Why, why, are the people so *ungrateful!* Here they have a government willing to settle their poverty programs, finance their schools, elaborate their racial policies, tend to their sick. . . . What ails them? What ails them, at this point, is Papa Johnson; some of the people are grown up and ready to leave home, and live their own lives.

● The Institution of American Democracy, Inc., is the latest organization formed to combat the extremist peril whether from the Right or from the Left irregardless. Org. literature defines Left extremism as, of course, the Communist Party period, while Right extremism is the John Birch Society and satellite formations, all of them eating into the vitals of the democratic process faster than you can say Ronald Reagan. Arthur Larson, Dore Schary, Roy Wilkins, Marion B. Folsom, Bishop A. Raymond Grant, Oscar Ewing, Thurman Arnold, Jacob Blaustein, Oscar A. De Lima, Jacob Potofsky, John C. Bennett, William Haber, George C. Lodge, Harry Ashmore and Ralph McGill are some of the names as big on this letterhead as they were on the one before, what was it? Oh yes, the National Council of Civic Responsibility (Arthur Larson, Chmn.) which, faster than you could say Barry Goldwater, got going on extremism in 1964 with, as it turned out, considerable financial encouragement from the Democratic National Committee.

● Staughton Lynd of Yale, Thomas Hayden of Students for a Democratic Society and Herbert Aptheker of the Communist Party U.S.A. started it last year when they defied the State Department and went to Hanoi to see what the war was about "for themselves." This year just about everyone else in sight has gone, or tried to go, from French and Canadian diplomats to hosts of British and European journalists. Dick Gregory tried to go. Louis Lomax has a visa. Harrison Salisbury got in. Four Lady Strikers for Peace—Barbara Deming, Grace Newman, Diane Bevel, Mrs. Joe Griffith—made it for Christmas. They were going, they announced open-mindedly, to judge for themselves what "this immoral and illegal war" is all about. You can catch them on the campus-peacenik rounds just as soon as they get back. The road to Hanoi has become a shortcut to speakers' rostrums from sea to shining sea.

● OF ALL PEOPLE DEPARTMENT: Swedish socialist sociologist Gunnar Myrdal, re Vietnam, and Congress' failure to declare war: "We ask ourselves how far has the erosion gone of the system of checks and balances, so carefully thought out by the founders of this great democracy, when now power over life and death of thousands—and in the future course of this war, perhaps millions—of peoples is put in the hands of a small group of men in Washington."

● Is there any way in which Spain can win absolution for the sin, a quarter of a century ago, of opposing a Communist takeover? Probably not so long as Generalissimo Franco is alive and in power. His new and more liberal constitution was approved by 95.9 per cent of the voting electorate a fortnight ago —surely a step in the desirable direction. But newspaper and TV reports of the referendum were filled with carping on how the vote was rigged and influenced that is signally missing from reports on Third World elections, let alone Soviet and Iron Curtain elections. To make it quite clear that Franco Spain continues beyond the pale, the Common Market just one week later turned down a two-year-old Spanish application for associate membership in the European Economic Community on the flattest of pretexts—none that makes either economic or political sense.

● Soviet poet Yevtushenko reported to a farewell audience at Lincoln Center last week that he had found more good Americans than bad Americans during his tour and then urged his audience to pay heed to Robert Frost, "the great American poet who cautioned against the 'fences that divide the people.'" Let's see. Good fences make good neighbors? Can't be. Bad fences make bad neighbors? No. Good fences make bad neighbors? Bad fences make . . . . Berlin?

● So that all the world should know who neglected to inform whom of his right against self-incrimination,

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or whether coercion, intimidation, deception, or foul or abusive language were used, or whether it was beers or Cokes, smokes or jokes that were swapped during police questioning of suspects, cameras will grind, and tape recorders will slowly wind, 24 hours a day, in interrogation rooms in certain precincts of Manhattan. In addition there will be present throughout the question period an impartial human being. All this so that convictions such as that of Ernesto Miranda, rapist, should not recur to be voided by the Supreme Court on technicalities of procedure. Satisfied? Wait till those arc lights start hotting up, baby, it'll be the ole toid degree just like dem coppers want it.

● The *Sunday* (London) *Times* on the stream of visitors to ravaged Florence: "Almost without exception all visiting politicians made a bad impression but Senator Edward Kennedy outdid them all. He arrived dramatically in a helicopter, made a cursory tour of the city—not omitting to pose for photographers under the reproduction of Michelangelo's David—and gave a press conference which left Italian journalists puzzled. They could not understand why he kept talking about Massachusetts. The junior senator also produced the most memorable quote of all: 'Florence,' he said, 'is a human problem.'" (Thought you'd want to know.)

● "PROCEEDINGS IN THE UN YESTERDAY (DEC. 12, 1966): GENERAL ASSEMBLY.
"Political and Security Committee—Adopted declaration against all forms of intervention in affairs of states.
"Special Political Committee—Adopted resolution condemning policies of apartheid in South Africa."
N.Y. Times, Dec. 13, 1966

The Civilian Bit

The word from Hanoi is that the government is so impressed by the performance of Harrison Salisbury, it is considering a change in policy to permit more foreign correspondents to come in to North Vietnam. What the Communists are so grateful for is Mr. Salisbury's eyewitness accounts of death to North Vietnamese civilians. That is being taken—not only by Hanoi but by many Americans—as triumphant ratification of the thesis that the U.S. has been fighting an (indefensible) war indefensibly.

The Administration, to the extent it can be said to have replied at all, has replied clumsily, permitting such headlines as (the *New York Times'*): "Washington Concedes Bombs Hit Civilian Areas in North Vietnam." The Pentagon issued a dryasdust statement carefully pointing out the obvious, namely that the U.S. goes only after military targets, which include "roads, railroads, bridges, railroad junctions and supply depots"; that "it is impossible to avoid all damage to civilian areas"; particularly so considering that it is the habit of the North Vietnamese to store ammunition and oil in civilian areas in order to parlay American scruples to military advantage. Only General Eisenhower, of all people, has spoken trenchantly. "Where," he asked on leaving the hospital, "*aren't* there any civilians?" Exactly the point. Where there are soldiers, where there are roads, railroads, bridges, railroad junctions, and supply depots, there are civilians; so that to discover, as Mr. Salisbury has done, that civilians have been killed in North Vietnam, is on the order of discovering that when you sprayed the weeds in your garden, you sprayed some grass, too.

Then there is the matter of accidental bombings of totally non-military areas. We say "accidental" because it is beneath contempt to suppose that we are intentionally bombing little hamlets of agricultural workers. Again, the answer is that it is obvious that such accidents in navigation will occur. After all, we have on repeated occasions confessed to having dropped American bombs on American troops. If that is possible, it is surely probable that we will every now and then drop bombs on civilians in area B when searching out military target A: and inevitable that Harrison Salisbury will write about it, and that the breast-beaters will take new heart from this evidence of American wantonness.

It isn't news, of course, that civilians are the primary targets of the Vietcong, and have been for years. Mr. Salisbury, predictably, will not get around to asking his hosts why their agents in South Vietnam slice the throats of mayors and aldermen and farmers, and those of their wives and children, and moreover do so quite intentionally. That isn't news. It is generally accepted that the Communists will behave as they do. But let a drop of accidental American rain fall on the innocent cheek of a North Vietnamese, and Washington trembles.

Laymen Lay Low

"The United States should get out of Vietnam; it should seek whatever safety it can for our allies; it should arrange whatever international face-saving is possible; and, even at the cost of a Communist victory, the United States should withdraw." Those familiar with its record of unwavering submissiveness will recognize the rallying cry of the *Commonweal.* Those who are not might have mistaken tremulous convictions such as these for the standard emotions of pacifism. However: "We have not reached this conclusion because we are pacifists." And a moment

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later: "The evil outweighs the good. This is an unjust war. The United States should get out."

According to Catholic moral doctrine, a war is just when it meets three conditions: 1) when it is in response to actual or imminent violation of a nation's rights, 2) when all other means to obtain justice have failed, and 3) when greater evils would ensue from not waging, than from waging, war. It is on 3) that the Catholic laymen of the *Commonweal* seem to be basing their objections to Vietnam, and their reasoning in pursuit of 3) is hopeless.

What evils? Why greater? Well, if we push too hard for victory we might push Red China into the Great Confrontation. On the other hand, if we withdraw China might push *us* ("tragic miscalculation") into the Great Confrontation. So really although there are two evils here they are really about the same. Well, what about a) the time the war is taking, which "may last longer than any America has ever fought," b) the troops ("more . . . than in Korea"), c) the money ("more than all the aid we have ever given to developing nations"), d) the bombs ("more . . . than were used against the Japanese"), e) the casualties among the Vietnamese ("far more . . . than a Communist regime would have liquidated")—surely all that, even allowing for rhetorical inflation, adds up to an evil outweighing the good. But does it? What is this argument but the citation of a series of precedents (a-d) which no one in command of the economic, technological and—given sufficient assurance—spiritual resources of the American people should shrink from—topped off by (e) wild speculation? And you will find nowhere in the *Commonweal* editorial an inkling of the strategic implications, disastrous for the U.S. and for the world, of that Communist victory the editors announce themselves willing to concede. Only fuss and fume about the lack of political and social reform in Saigon, about "the fanaticism of Washington and Hanoi," about Washington's unwillingness to negotiate with the National Liberation Front—the entire roster, in fact, of sentimentalist-pacifist complaints about Vietnam.

The same week of this editorial—Christmas week—Francis Cardinal Spellman, first military vicar to U.S. armed forces, went to the battlefront and told American soldiers of his gratitude for their "defense of civilization." You may expect that in their next issue, circumstances of coreligion notwithstanding, the evil of Francis Cardinal Spellman will outweigh the certain good of *Commonweal*'s holy war on war.

The Kennedys Look at History

The Manchester-Kennedy business is depressing from almost every point of view, though in the end, it seems to us, one must sympathize with Mrs. Kennedy. She is not, to be sure, without the normal woman's vanities, but it is surely admirable, rather than otherwise, that she should have fully confided in William Manchester. To have done so was an act of faith in him as an artist. Was this reckless? But Mrs. Kennedy had been prudent enough to arrive at a "memorandum of understanding" which permitted her to exercise a veto power over what the artist proceeded to sculpt with that profusion of clay.

Dissatisfied with the result, she now invokes that veto power at the expense of a public that has been brought to a nail-biting pitch of curiosity. Ultimately, hers is a futile position, like that of the censors who insisted on bowdlerizing *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—it was only a matter of time before the original draft became universally available. But Mrs. Kennedy must now be reckoning that passage of time is itself valuable, that what she now finds tasteless, unfair and provocative might in due course be more understandably so, less damagingly so; so that she is, after all, playing for time.

One's sympathy goes to her because she seems to be fighting for the residual privacies which are increasingly disallowed, in the august name of history. We have become accustomed to reports on President Eisenhower's bowel movements when he becomes sick. To closeups of President Johnson's surgical scars. Professor Arthur Schlesinger wrote about President Kennedy on the evening of the Bay of Pigs much as Colette might have done. Mrs. Kennedy insists that her private emotions at the time of the assassination and for the period after it belong to her and not to the Library of Congress or to Mrs. Grundy.

Already the news has leaked out concerning what some of those emotions were, and though they were and are reprehensible, they are utterly, utterly natural and not, therefore, personally discrediting in the eyes of those who know the wayward impulses of bitterness. It is a fact that Lyndon Johnson wanted to become President of the United States, and it is a fact that he became President of the United States, upon the assassination of John Kennedy: and therefore that he profited, if not profiteered, from tragedy.

But what should he have done? Resigned? The

Who's for "Open Housing"?

Well, Javits is, and Bobby is;
The ADAing lobby is.
The Humphreys and the Warrens are—
The Johnsons say its *popular*.
Both John and Mary think it's great,
While Rocky echoes: "Integrate!"
Unfortunately, it's the poor
Who fail to see the law's allure.

W. H. von Dreele

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Even before it convenes, it is obvious that the 90th Congress will not be dull. A score of controversial issues await it, chief among them the question of a tax hike. With economists divided over the merits of a tax rise at this time, any such Presidential request probably would be for a small and temporary increase for one year at the most—thus providing an automatic "tax cut" in time for the 1968 elections. Republicans are expected to press hard for drastic cuts in domestic spending as the price of their possible support for a tax increase. . . . Vietnam remains the big economic question mark. The "Credibility Gap" is by now so great that no one trusts Administration estimates of the cost or progress of the war. The present estimates by McNamara are that the cost of the war in the current fiscal year will come to somewhere around $20 billion—or $10 billion (and 100 per cent) more than he estimated in January 1966. Congressional critics—whose cost estimates have proved much more reliable than those of the SecDef—say even the present estimates are low.

◆ Sharing foreign policy headlines with Vietnam will be three LBJ plans regarding East-West relations. The United Nations Outer Space Treaty—barring nuclear weapons from orbit around the Earth—must be ratified by a two-thirds majority of senators present and voting. The treaty has no provision allowing the inspection of missile launch sites, the only feasible way for the U.S. to check on Soviet space vehicles, and thus sets a dangerous precedent for arms-control treaties; it could run into heavy flak in the Senate. . . . The second Administration proposal will be the East-West trade bill, to increase commerce with East European nations that are supplying goods to North Vietnam. It was shelved in the last Congress, but new Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach made it the substance of his first major foreign policy speech. . . . No. 3 is the American-Soviet Consular Treaty. It was also shelved by the last Congress, thanks to heavy conservative opposition in letters to Congress, and to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover's warning of the dangers of opening Soviet consular offices in the United States.

◆ The far-left Democratic Study Group is leading the fight for firm Liberal control of the House Rules Committee, through which most major legislation must pass before it can reach the floor of the House. The DSG is demanding the appointment of reliable Liberals to the two vacancies, which would increase the Administration's margin to 9-6 under the present set-up. Their only trouble is that appointments are usually based on regions, the two vacancies are from the South, and few Liberal Southern Democrats are left after the recent elections. Also, seniority raises Rep. William M. Colmer of Mississippi to the chairmanship, and he is likely to be even more conservative than former Committee chairman Howard W. Smith. DSG, therefore, is asking that the House majority and minority leaders be made voting members of the Committee, with the majority leader as Committee chairman and Colmer relegated to a vice-chairmanship. More likely is a compromise whereby more restrictions are placed on the powers of the chairman.

◆ And there will be other controversies brewing in the legislative pot. ADA National Director Leon Shull says President Johnson "can look forward to defeat in 1968" if he cuts back on Great Society programs, but important senators—including majority leader Mike Mansfield—disagree. Sen. Philip. A. Hart (D., Mich.) says bluntly: "The country voted to cut spending, and I think that is probably what it is going to get." . . . Nobody will be happy over the expected Post Office request for a six-cent "priority letter"—i.e. a postage rate increase. . . . Sen. John McClellan (D., Ark.), Chairman of the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee, plans another inquiry into the TFX (F-111) airplane . . . Senator Fulbright plans another Foreign Relations Committee investigation of American policies and commitments around the world. . . . There will be dozens of anti-strike, anti-crime and anti-riot proposals. . . . And then there will be Adam Clayton Powell. **—CATO**

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point is that that question is analytical, and in moments of great, overwhelming grief, one does not tend to be analytical. Even while knowing that one's emotions are irrational, one is saddled with them—and, under certain circumstances, one communicates them to people who write books.

Why did she do so? Because she trusted William Manchester. Why did she trust William Manchester? Because the gentleman wrote an obsequious biography about President Kennedy, on the basis of which it was widely supposed that he had, built-in, a sort of Kennedy-protector, on which she could absolutely rely; and if reliance failed, she could invoke that Memorandum of Understanding the existence of which was enough to keep authors Theodore White and Walter Lord from taking on the project.

In a sense Manchester fulfilled his mission. He himself was so caught up in the project that he seems to have absorbed the identical emotions of Mrs. Kennedy, the existence of which she is now anxious to suppress. Manchester seems to have absorbed the indignation, the wild sense of fury, the irrational resentments: and in his treatment of Lyndon Johnson seems to have projected the immediate posthumous, and completely understandable, bitterness of Mrs. Kennedy. She has outgrown that bitterness, and is now attempting to protect not only the innocent victims of it, but the man to whom she communicated them; which is to say, principally, William Manchester himself.

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Senator Javits and the Committee of One Million

It is probably unfair to subject politicians to a close textual scrutiny of what they write. Because it isn't what they say, so much as when they say it; how, roughly, it is pitched; where it stands with reference to what other people are then saying, that matters. But Senator Jacob Javits has announced that he has emerged as the principal "ideologist"—that is his word—for the Republican Party, and if he has become that, then we are presumably to consider his words as graven tablets, nubile objects of Talmudic examination; so here goes.

The statement in question was addressed to the Committee of One Million, and front-paged in the *New York Times.* What it said in effect was that Senator Jacob Javits is bugging out as a sponsor of the Committee, which is devoted to the policy of maintaining pressure on Communist China—diplomatic, economic, and cultural—pending the liberation of the Chinese people whether by the overthrow of their leaders, or by a dilution in the reigning ideological mania sufficient to permit the re-entry of humanitarianism to Chinese life. In recent months Red China's governors have grown not more but less humane; not less but more bellicose; not less but more intransigent, all of which suggests the need for a renewal of the commitment to the objectives of the Committee of One Million. To Senator Javits, these developments suggest exactly the opposite.

This, he says, is the moment for the open mind.

The Committee, he says, is opposed "to any policy of accommodation which might be interpreted as U.S. acquiescence in or approval of the Peking regime." Obviously, he continues, "this position is so categorical as to require re-evaluation under present conditions." Well, maybe the Committee's position is so categorical as to require "re-evaluation under present conditions." But it certainly isn't *obviously* so. The burden is surely on Mr. Javits to show that a different position would be more productive of human well-being and American security. Does he make the demonstration persuasively? As Mr. Javits would put it, obviously not.

He says that the United States should be willing to negotiate with Red China that which is negotiable. Then he says: "I fully realize that under present conditions, it is highly improbable that any such offer would be accepted, but as a matter of good faith, I cannot continue to subscribe to a policy which, in categorical terms, forecloses even the hope of negotiation on these matters." Notice that what the Senator has done is to suggest that the Committee of One Million would frown on negotiating the negotiable. Which it clearly would not do. If Red China's governors were to show themselves willing to negotiate, say, the end of the Vietnamese war and the guarantee of security for South Vietnam, what is there about the Committee's commitments that would balk? One of the Committee's most devoted sponsors, Mr. Walter Robertson, was for years the principal State Department adviser on China under Secretary Dulles, and he has never tired of pointing out that it is perfectly easy to talk with Red Chinese, directly or indirectly, without recognizing the Red Chinese government. Indeed we have done as much on dozens and dozens of occasions. Mr. Javits' technique is, by stressing his own reasonableness, to leave it to others to infer the unreasonableness of the group from which he is suddenly dissociating himself.

There is the usual rhetoric. The votes against admitting Red China into the UN "should not be construed as signifying that the nations of the world desire to cease efforts to bring Communist China into the community of nations. Indeed, most nations believe that reconciliation and peace must be our ultimate goal." So? What else is new? Obviously the Committee desires reconciliation and peace. But the Committee recognizes the need to domesticate Communist China and believes that firmness is the best way, firmness plus the moral resolution Senator Javits would surely have called upon his countrymen to show against Nazi Germany even if we had not gone to war against the regime.

He wants to "chip away at the wall of hostility that separates us" from Red China by seeking out "areas of agreement in the interest of peace." The trouble is that when one seeks and does not find, it often happens that hostility increases; and rightly so. Let's make a list of things on which Red China and the U.S. agree. And send the list to Senator Javits. (Our list: E equals MC^2.)

The Senator finally becomes more concrete. We must not "threaten the territorial inviolability of Communist China itself," he says. On the contrary, we must precisely threaten the territorial inviolability of Communist China—*if necessary to contain Communist China.* And we must, in our hearts, hope and pray that the impostor government of China, unlicensed by any plebiscite, ever, anywhere, should

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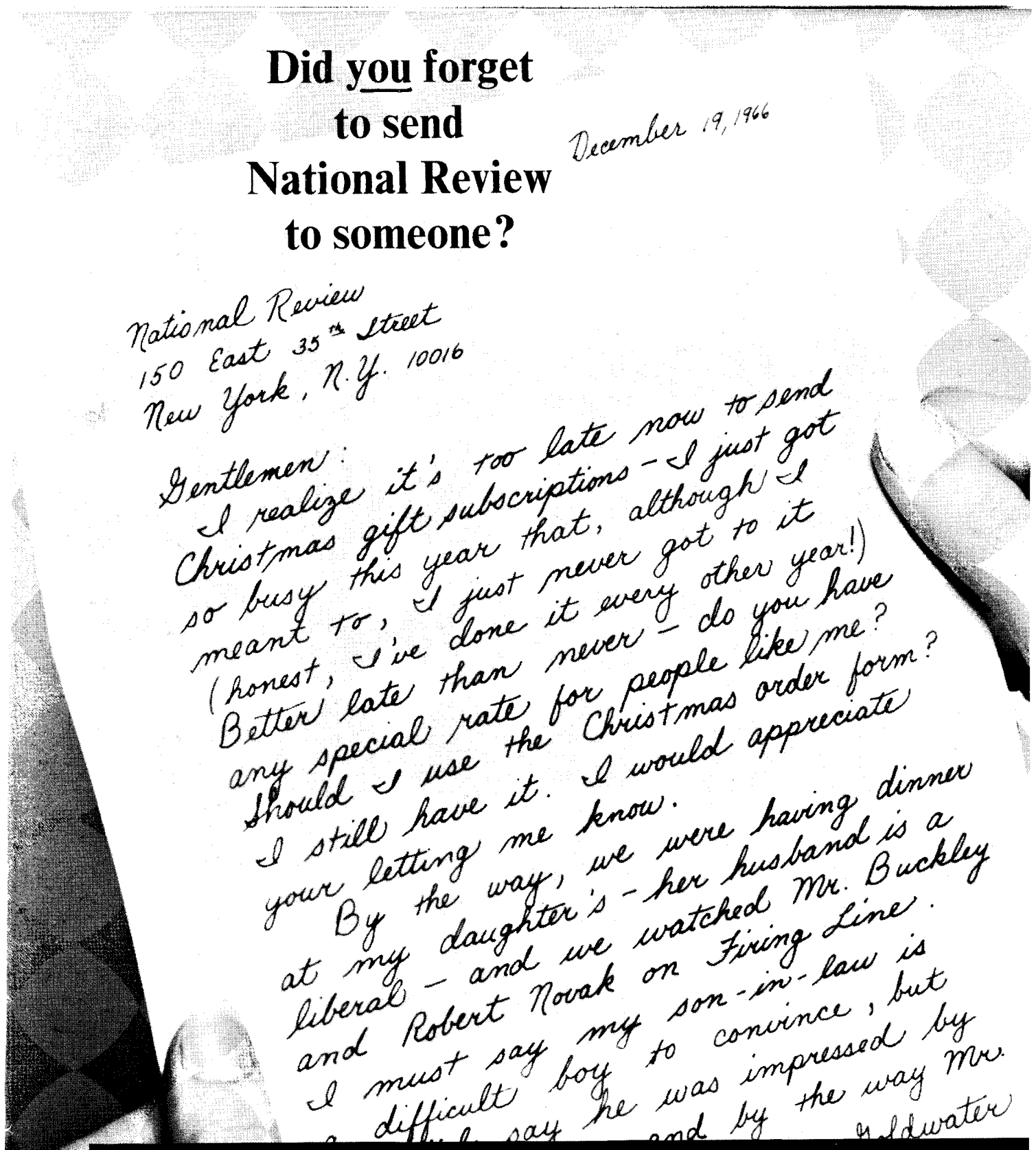

December 19, 1966

National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Gentlemen:
I realize it's too late now to send Christmas gift subscriptions - I just got so busy this year that, although I meant to, I just never got to it (honest, I've done it every other year!) Better late than never - do you have any special rate for people like me? Should I use the Christmas order form? I still have it. I would appreciate your letting me know.
By the way, we were having dinner at my daughter's - her husband is a liberal - and we watched Mr. Buckley and Robert Novak on Firing Line. I must say my son-in-law is a difficult boy to convince, but I will say he was impressed by and by the way Mr. Goldwater

Use the card facing this page to introduce someone you know to NR today! It's *never* too late, and—who knows?—you may be starting a life-long interest. (You'll certainly be doing *us* a big favor: your friends make our very best readers.) Also, the special introductory rate makes it possible for you to send any number of trial subscriptions at very little cost. If you want to send more than one, use your own stationery. Or, as we wrote the lady, use our Christmas form if you want to—we'll continue to accept gift subscriptions at the Christmas rates until January 31, 1967. If you *did* give NR last Christmas, bless you! Maybe you can give the card to someone, and urge him to subscribe on his own?

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one day dissolve, returning the land inviolate to the people who have suffered so much misery at the hands of the Communists Mr. Javits desires to reassure.

"For the first time in over a decade," the Senator concludes, "we can discuss Communist China without fear and hysteria." What, actually, does he mean? If he means we oughtn't to fear Communist China, the answer is that as Americans, we have the same reason to fear Communist China that we have to fear atom bombs in the hands of killers. If the Senator is addressing Asiatics, the answer is that fear of the Red Chinese is precisely in order. Even Senator Javits would be perturbed if a detachment of Red Guards approached him purposively—he would probably find them even more frightening than the John Birch Society. Hysteria? Who has been saying for the past decade that Red China would initiate a Third World War unless we admitted her into the United Nations? Not the Committee of One Million; but the left-Liberals, who even now, in pursuit of their rationalist fancies, are attempting to blackmail reason.

"I do feel," says the Senator, "that the Committee has played a most useful role"— in contributing to fear and hysteria?—"and whatever the decision as to its continuance, this should be gratifying to its officers and members." The planted axiom is that without Jacob Javits as a sponsor the Committee of One Million is likely to die. If so it will not be because it has lost its heart or its head; it has merely lost its liver.

Here It Comes!

In 1967, Mr. William Manchester will bring suit against Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy if he fails to sell at least ten million copies of that book of his.

Sir Bernard Lovell of the Jodrell Bank Radio Telescope Observatory will confirm the Soviet claim.

The Stock Market will conclude that automotive shares are unsafe at any price (down Zenith, up Nader).

Ladies' skirts will not perceptibly lengthen or shorten. However, ladies' knees will fluctuate.

Ronald Reagan, quite confounding all the laws and the prophets, will govern California.

Senator Robert Kennedy will appear on the cover of *Time* Magazine, while his little brother will continue to enjoy the relative obscurity of the United States Senate.

The *New York Times* will come out editorially in favor of: recognizing Red China, supporting the more experienced candidate, avoiding simple solutions, adding dignity to poverty by uniting charity and anonymity, introducing honesty in government, keeping Lindsay fresh (the rest are retired), the beauty of nature four times a year, greater cultural intercourse with barbarians so long as they are not extremists, an end to bossism, a final solution to Lyndon Johnson, judicial reform, more funds for education, and a new sense or two of national purpose.

Senator Jacob Javits will discover that the reward for having been the chief theoretician of the Republican Party for the past twenty years is rather less than one might have supposed.

Scotty Reston, Tom Wicker, Ralph McGill, Roscoe Drummond, Batman, James Wechsler, Murray Kempton, Chet, Eric Sevareid, Dave, Robert Trout, Knight, and Evans & Novak will discover that the Republican Party has for the past one hundred years embodied the great old tradition of George Romney and his doctrine of the rampant minority. Staggered by the brilliance of this revelation, these worthies will commend the Republican Party to all right-thinking citizens until immediately after the Republican national convention of 1968.

President Johnson will visit several foreign places including even some beyond the borders of Texas. Mrs. Johnson, persevering in her campaign to beautify America, will accompany him. The busy couple will return in time to announce the appointment of Billie George Weatherwax of Abilene, Texas to the

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"You do believe in Santa Claus, Harold!"

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post of Under Secretary of the Interior, with special emphasis on problems of sagebrush control and screwworm eradication, for which Mr. Weatherwax is well qualified. The announcement will be made at 2:30 P.M. next August 14th in the Rose Garden. The Presidential press secretary for that month will be named in mid-July. He will be none other than J. Harold Forkney of Lubbock, Texas.

All the predictions of the *Economist* will be correct, for the usual reasons. The outlook beyond that point is, however, not quite so clear.

The President will hold another press conference. This will take place on March 23rd. He will announce a new strategy for Vietnam. It will consist in sending five million American soldiers over there. The Congress will pass a resolution declaring its intention to investigate the conduct of the war whenever the number of American soldiers in the combat zone equals the number of votes cast for both major parties in the 1964 election, or 100 million, whichever is more thinkable.

The world will begin slowly to realize how much it lost when Walt Disney died.

Take a deep breath. Brace yourself. And away we go.

Walt Disney, R I P

(A letter from Roy Brewer, former head of the AFL International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees.) Hollywood is holding its heart today. One of its truly great is gone. Walt Disney is dead. In every corner of this community known as Hollywood, the impact of the announcement can be felt, for Walt Disney was honored and respected by every element of the motion picture industry. More than any other man he epitomized the best side of Hollywood.

His death was not expected and came as a profound shock. Everyone knew he had been ill. But he had gone back to work after his operation and while there was apprehension about his health no one expected his sudden end.

No one talked much about his passing. "It's unbelievable," or "It's terrible," they would say, and walk away in a numbed silence.

To most of the world Walt Disney was a legend. His image was a montage with Mickey Mouse on one side and Donald Duck on the other. But to Hollywood he was a real person indeed. He took an active part in community affairs. He played a major role in the political effort that put actor George Murphy in the Senate and actor Ronald Reagan in the Governor's Mansion. He was not basically a political person, but he had had an unpleasant experience with the Communists when they tried to invade Hollywood. He, like many of us, was deeply concerned with the manner in which the Democratic Party in California was compromising with the leftist elements which are slowly undermining the institutions that have made this country great. So Walt rolled up his sleeves and went to work. The result is political history. Not that he did it alone. But he was an important part of it.

Walt was one of the first targets of the Communists in Hollywood. The organization and control of the Screen Cartoonists Guild was one of their early conquests. When he wouldn't step to their tune they attempted to launch a worldwide boycott of his films. But the Communist apparatus was no match for Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Ultimately, the cartoonists' union was purged of its pro-Communist leadership. I was pleased to have had a part in this effort. I was in charge of the union that defeated the pro-Communist guild in the NLRB election and negotiated the first contract for the new union. It was in this connection that I came to know Disney and to learn of the great affection that his own employees felt for him—the people who do the detailed work of the thousands of sketches that go into the making of a cartoon picture. No one ever called him Mr. Disney. To everyone on the lot he was "Walt."

He will probably be best remembered for Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and his fabulous Disneyland. His hobby was the miniature train that ran around the grounds of his home. Out of this came his dream of an amusement park for children that wouldn't look like a honky-tonk. The result: Disneyland. But perhaps his greatest achievement was the success of *Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs*. This picture was the turning point in his career. The making of a screen cartoon is a tremendously expensive process. There are over two hundred fifty thousand individual picture frames in a two-hour motion picture. In a cartoon film each one of those frames must be separately drawn and photographed. The problem of matching characters, action and color for a feature film to anyone else seemed an insurmountable one. But not to Walt. No one thought a cartoon picture could be sustained in feature length—except Walt. If it had been a failure he would have been bankrupt. But, of course, it was a tremendous success.

The question Hollywood is asking now is whether or not the Disney organization can sustain Walt's many ambitious programs without him. It will not be easy. But the members of his organization headed by his elder brother, Roy, are determined to do it. Parents all over the world are praying that they will succeed. His staff worked closely with him; they are imbued with his philosophy, and besides, Walt would expect them to do it.

So they will. It will be their tribute to his memory. His pictures will live on, a tribute to the genius who created them.

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South Africa: An Unsentimental Journey

Port Elizabeth, Pretoria, Capetown, the Transkei—there's more to South Africa than meets the emotions. Is there a solution? Is there a problem?

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Port Elizabeth. A large luncheon reception. Mr. Vlok, who has to do with the wool industry, asked the question I had been asked dozens of times in the two weeks I had been in South Africa. What had impressed me most about the country? What had I found that I least expected? What astounds me and continues to amaze me, I told him—the racial situation absolutely apart—is the modernity of South Africa, its industrialization, its energy and life. New cars on the streets, unlike the battered relics you see beh nd the Iron Curtain; modern roads, cleanlimbed skyscrapers, a bustling construction industry, a country obviously on the go. "But what had you expected?" he asked. Lamely: "I guess jungles, and lions and Tarzan of the Apes."

You know, he said, I've lived in South Africa all my life and some years back—it was in 1957—I decided that I should take a look at the real Africa of jungles and lions and Tarzan of the Apes . . . So he bundled his wife and two children into a car and took off through the Rhodesias, Tanganyika, Uganda, Ruanda-Urundi, Kenya, Ethiopia, then west through the southern Sudan, what was French Equatorial Africa, the Congos, Angola and home—6,000 miles. It's hard to believe it now, said Mr. Vlok, but at that time there were only three independent nations in sub-Sahara Africa—Ethiopia, Liberia and South Africa—and that was only ten years ago. Now there are dozens. In Ruanda-Urundi, the Vloks had seen the ceremonial crowning of the last of the Watutsi kings and speculated at the time that there would be bloodshed between the Watutsi and their subjects the Bahutus (as indeed there has been). Between the Cape and Stanleyville, Mr. Vlok continued, the only places where there has been proper cultivation of the land are where the white man has settled and in the land of the Watutsi, who are "cultivated men and natural-born rulers—who have shared the fate of much of once-white Africa."

The experience of the Vloks is one Mr. Vlok very much doubts could be repeated today, even by a small party of armed and determined men. The Congo would be impassable; Uganda, perhaps; Tanganyika and Kenya probably all right if you stuck to the tar roads. Nigeria, who knows? Ruanda, no Ten years of independence and the arteries of Africa are clogging up; the roads unsafe for travelers.

South Africans will tell you that if the world is unable to accept the gradualist approach toward black political domination embodied in the Rhodesian constitution (a constitution which, when adopted in 1961, was widely hailed as a major victory for the black man), then there can be no middle way between their policy of total separation of the races—separate or, as they sometimes say, collateral, development—and chaos.

II

Pretoria. Pierre Daninos, in his delightful essays on the differences between the British and French, remarked that England has a population of 52 million people whereas France is divided into 44 million people. Like France, South Africa has almost as many divisions as it has people. Its problems are not just a matter of black *vs.* white, although this of course overshadows all other problems. That Pretoria should be the "administrative capital" is just one example of the stresses that rend this tormented land. Among the ruling whites (60 per cent Afrikaans, or Boer, and 40 per cent British) there is a bitter rivalry going back more than one hundred years. Every year since 1910 and the Act of Union that established the Union (now Republic) of South Africa, the entire government—man, woman, child and filing cabinet—has moved from Pretoria in the Afrikaans north to Capetown (legislative capital) in the British south for the six months of the parliamentary session. Not convenient. Not logical. Very expensive. But necessary: necessary because this has become an outward symbol of political parity between the two rival white groups. This Boer-British problem, historical, racial, temperamental, linguistic—comparable perhaps to the situation between the Flemish-speaking Walloons and the French-speaking Belgians that led to the overthrow of more than one Belgian government since the war—is just one of the stresses dividing the country. Stress No. 2: The Coloreds, 1.5 million descendants of Dutch East India Company slaves, mulattoes, Bushmen, Hottentots, Grinquas, and Cape Malays, a racial unit the majority of whom live in the Cape Province, which is largely English, but who mostly speak Afrikaans (don't ask me why: I forgot to ask). Stress No. 3: Half a million Asians, mostly Indians, most of whom are Hindus who hate the white South Africans, the Coloreds, and the Bantu, only a little less than they seem to hate the Indian Moslems, and whose major language is English, which they speak mostly badly. Stress No. 4 to infinity: the Bantu, 11.5 million of them, eight distinct nations which speak seven major languages and whose differences one from the other, and whose ancient tribal jealousies and antagonisms, are such that even today employers are careful to hire workmen only from traditionally friendly tribes. The official languages of South Africa are English and Afrikaans and everyone must speak them both, which is hard enough on the population at large but hardest on the Bantu, who starts off life speaking his tribal lan-

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guage and must acquire the other two as he goes along.

The South African argues that, given the factors that tend to sunder rather than unite the various peoples of South Africa, separate development is more logical than multiracialism. Multiracialism—what we call integration—hasn't worked anywhere in Africa, they say. How many Jews, they ask, continue to live in the newly independent states of North Africa—in Egypt, Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria? How many French for that matter? In central Africa the white man is in full retreat: you find him here and there remaining as a paid manager or bureaucrat, or master farmer, but not as a fellow citizen. Well, say the South Africans, we're not going to do that. We *cannot* do that. Where would we retreat to? We, the Afrikaners, no longer even speak Dutch: we can't go to the Netherlands. How would they make room for us even if we wanted to? And we, the English South Africans, are South Africans, not English. We are not even united by that fraying line that ties the Commonwealth to Great Britain. We severed that cord five years ago when we voted to break with Britain and become a Republic.

A multiracial society here in South Africa, they argue, where the Bantu outnumber the whites four to one, would eventually mean a black-dominated South Africa, and that we will not accept. So we have evolved the doctrine which we call separate development. It is not the solution to the problem, but it is an approach to a solution. That's the most we can claim for it.

III

Capetown. Not every South African buys this doctrine, by a long shot. You have to listen to a debate in the beautifully paneled parliament chamber in Capetown where the energetic and courageous Mrs. Helen Suzman, the only member of the Progressive Party to be elected to Parliament last year (repeating her feat of five years before), never misses an opportunity to call for an end to the more restrictive apartheid practices. The Progressives favor an integrated solution to South Africa's racial problems but with weighted votes and heavy voter-qualification requirements (the approach is close to the line now taken by Premier Ian Smith's Rhodesian government). To the left of the Progressives is the almost defunct Liberal Party whose most prominent leader is novelist Alan Paton. The Liberals did not field a single candidate last year; most of their leaders are either in jail under the Suppression of Communism Act or banned, which is to say under some form of house arrest, prohibited from taking part in any political activity.

Pretoria

We asked Sir de Villiers Graaf, who as leader of the formal opposition United Party ranks right after Prime Minister Vorster and ahead of the members of Vorster's cabinet in formal affairs, about the decline of the Liberal Party. He told us that those leaders of the party who had been banned or jailed were "pretty clearly Communist." And, anticipating our next question, added: "[There is] total freedom of political expression [here]. I am a living example of it." He pointed out that the entire English language press in South Africa is anti-government. Indeed, the English press is violently and intemperately anti-government. This is one of those puzzlers that constantly bring you up short in South Africa. Here is a system under which the government is allowed to jail a person for 180 days without a formal charge, or to "ban" him for political activity; and yet day after day the government is blasted by the press—and does nothing about it. If there is any subtle censorship going on here, it must be the most subtle in the world, and subtlety of this sort is not anywhere else practiced in police states.

Sir de Villiers' United Party (UP), which took a beating in last March's election (39 seats in the House of Assembly, to the Nationalist Party's 126) also stands for "apartheid" insofar as it means separation of living quarters, schools, churches etc. But the UP would do away with many of the niggling "petty apartheid" laws which act as a daily abrasive to the Bantu. The United Party would permit the Bantu in South Africa to elect a certain number of white representatives to Parliament to represent their views; it opposed Dr. Verwoerd's plan to give the various Bantustans independence, believing instead that they should become provinces of South Africa, not semi-independent states within South Africa. The UP would permit the Asians to vote for white representatives in Parliament on a separate roll, but would favor a gradual political, not residential, amalgamation of the Colored community. In short, what the United Party, the only other party of note in South Africa, offers the voter is a continuation of the apartheid policy of the Nationalists, but it would carry it out in different, less restrictive ways.

The white South African does not even pretend that he is prepared to go so far, in the separation of the races, as to banish the Bantu to the hereditary tribal reserves and do without his labor. Four and a half million Bantu live in urban areas; the other seven million, most of them farmers, in the reserves. The urbanized Bantu is necessary to South Africa: without his labor its mines would shut down, its furnaces go out, its trains roll to a stop, its people go hungry. Under the doctrine of sepa-

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rate development the urbanized Bantu are technically considered to be citizens of their tribal reserves, not of South Africa. And the government envisions the day when each reserve will become a semi-autonomous black-run state carved out from within the land area of South Africa. The Zulu will then vote in Zululand elections, the Xhosa in their Transkei homeland, etc.

After listening to a parliamentary debate for an hour or so, we were invited to lunch in the Parliament dining room, beautifully proportioned, with high ceilings and teak paneling. Around the walls are portraits of South African heroes, British and Boer: Cecil Rhodes, "Oom" Paul Kruger, Smuts, Malan, Botha, others. Below them, at long tables covered with white linen, polished silver cutlery and crystal decanters, sit the members of Parliament and their guests. It is all very urbane: far, far from the powderkeg atmosphere people who have not visited South Africa suppose is everywhere. It was here, though, in this very room, that Harold Macmillan made the famous "wind of change" speech of 1960, which heralded the hurricane that threatens to blow this last major white stronghold right off the map of Africa.

IV

Umtata, Transkei. It's a pleasant four-hour drive from Port Elizabeth to Umtata, the capital of the Transkei. The bus rolls across a long bridge over the swift-flowing, sweet-chocolate-colored waters of the Kei River. There's a constable on the other side, at the Transkei border, but nothing so official as a guard post or a barricade. (Although he's on the Transkei side of the river, the policeman is, we ask and are informed, a member of the police force of the Republic of South Africa.) The Transkei itself is extremely green, a rolling country with long, undulating valleys and relatively few trees. Cornfields are planted at such perpendicular angles that Ed Livermore of the *Sapulka* (Oklahoma) *Herald* asks if a farmer has ever fallen out of one. Tiny villages, groups of round mud houses (kraals), with whitewash designs about the windows, tin eaves and thatched roofs, dot the countryside, facing out across the valleys like Swiss chalets. Large herds of healthy-looking cattle and sheep roam the hillsides. Some are watched by young shepherds, children most of them, wrapped in the traditional amber-colored blanket: but most roam freely, held in by miles and miles of tightly-strung fences.

A land of high rainfall, fast-running rivers, it has coal in abundance but few other mineral resources. Its soil is immensely fertile, if at present immensely ill-used. In 16,000 square miles of the Transkei (about the size of Denmark) are 1.6 million Xhosas and 14,000 white residents. But the whites are being slowly phased out.

The Transkei was set up as a semi-independent state in 1963. It has its own parliament, a unicameral House made up of 109 representatives, 64 of them traditional Chiefs, 45 directly elected. Chief Kaiser Matanzima is the Chief (Prime) Minister. His cabinet consists of six ministers: Justice, Interior, Agricultural, Economic Development, Roads and Public Works, and Education.

Umtata is a small and drowsy town, dusty in the heat of the summer, colonial in aspect, with wide awnings protecting the stores from the fierce afternoon sun. Here at last we have the impression that we are in Africa, but a peaceful agricultural Africa seemingly no more explosive than a St. Lucia or Guadalupe. Like most of the towns in the Transkei, Umtata had been a white area. But recently 40 per cent of its area was zoned black and that means that the white man eventually must leave. He is not forced to sell, at least not at the moment—but he is barred from selling to a white man. If he sells to a Xhosa, the white owner of a store or any other business enterprise can be retained for a year or so as a hired manager to help the new owner learn the ropes. The owner of a stationery store told us he had been advertising in South African papers for another outlet; he, like so many other whites in Umtata, wants to leave. In 1962-63 when the Transkei was being established, a valuation was put on all property; and if the stationery-store owner sells to the government for resale to a Bantu he is entitled to receive at least that stated value for it plus, he told us, his net profit for the last three years he was in business. Since it is doubtful that a Bantu will have the resources to buy the store, a Bantu Investment Corporation has been set up by the government to provide loans to help individual blacks take over small businesses, or to found others.

Umtata, Transkei

There is a raging argument over the government's insistence that white men not engage in business in the Transkei. Without the white know-how, the white capital, the white experience, the economic development of the Transkei will be slowed, some say. You can't, they say, expect a race of people that has lived in round mud huts for centuries to understand and cope with the intricate demands of a highly industrialized society.

They make an excellent case. But the opposing school holds that if you let the white man in as anything but the hired manager of the black man, he will eventually own the country and the Xhosa will be his servant. Part of the government's solution is to establish so-called Border Industries, business enterprises in the white areas bordering the Bantustans where the Bantu can work while still residing in his tribal homeland and, more important, where he can learn those crafts and skills that will enable him in time to set up his own small furniture factory, his own garage, his own textile mill in the homeland. The government encourages white industrialists to establish border industries through a number of tax inducements. The program has not, to date, been successful, suggest-

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ing just one of the difficulties of these artificial contrivances.

To Mr. B.B. Mdledle, the Transkei's impressive Negro Minister of Education, these economic questions are of little importance. "We [the black people]," he told us, "do not believe in a multiracial state. It means the perpetuation of the ceilings that are placed over the heads of the Africans. White leadership with justice we don't believe in. Is the Transkei viable? The viability of the Transkei to us is a matter of secondary importance. What is of moment is that the Transkei belongs to the black man. There is great pride in the blacks in an independent Transkei. Our people have suffered a great deal for 300 years under the old system." Mr. Mdledle told us that in the last Transkei election (and the first) 90 per cent of the Xhosa living outside the boundaries of the Transkei had registered to vote and 80 per cent of those who had registered did vote, certainly a good indication that the Xhosa living outside the reserve consider themselves part of the Transkei electorate.

He was proud to be able to tell us that 80 per cent of the Xhosa children of school age are going to school in the Transkei; many of them will go only for three or four years. Of the 312,000 Bantu children in school in the Transkei last year only 230 finished high school and of these only 27 qualified for further educational training. The reasons are varied: many parents don't think it is important for their children to get more than a smattering of education; the educational level of the teachers themselves is appallingly low (although improving all the time); the dark round huts in which as many as a dozen people live make it impossible for a child to study. He has no desk to work on, little light to work by, no quiet to think or study in. And he must master not only his native tongue, but also English and Afrikaans.

V

Johannesburg. Here's an example of the language difficulties that a Bantu faces daily in South Africa. You are, say, a Venda-language announcer at Radio Bantu. The Soviets have just launched their first sputnik. What to do? There is no word in the Bantu languages for space satellites, not even an approximation. The Language Board of Radio Bantu—a sort of standing committee—is quickly convened and after some hours comes up with *"isiphuphutheki,"* which means "a thing that wanders everywhere aimlessly and gets nowhere," a pretty good description of the first space satellites. But, even then the word has to be instant-coined.

An educator who works in South West Africa spoke earlier of the problems teachers came up against in the limited vocabularies of most of the Bantu languages. It had taken almost twenty years, he said, for the vocabulary of the average Bantu in the area in which he had been working to be expanded from a fifth-grade to an eighth-grade level. For instance, he said, there are few words in the Bantu languages for non-concrete things, for ideas, emotions, thoughts. Consequently there was often no vocabulary to handle the more advanced intellectual disciplines—one of the essential tools of learning was just not there. As an exampe: when a Bantu wants to tell you that he is disturbed about something he may say: "The greyhounds of my mind are restless." When he mentions dawn he will say *"mpondo zankomo"* which means, literally, "the time when the horns of the cattle become visible." (A powerful home brew in the northern Transvaal where zinc roofs abound is called "zinc to zinc" because that's how you feel your way home after drinking it.) To expand the vocabulary of the children, the vocabulary of the adults must also be expanded and this is where Radio Bantu has been most helpful. It can reach an age group that could never be persuaded to return to school, even if it could afford to do so.

Radio Bantu broadcasts 72 hours a week in three Zulu dialects and six other native languages — Southern Sotho, Northern Sotho, Tswana, Xhosa, Venda and Tsongo—over an extensive and very good government FM network. Radio Bantu provides news and weather programs, music (jazz, light classical and native) and documentaries. (They tell of announcer who was doing a documentary in one of the game parks when a technician opened the tailgate of the truck to get a better recording of a lion's roar. The lion took one jump. . . . When the tape was played back the lion's roar was all but obliterated by the terrified screams of the announcer. Asked by an officious fellow worker why he hadn't enunciated more clearly, the announcer replied, with what dignity he had left: "Well, at least those weren't famous *last* words.") There are also quiz programs, panel discussions, women's programs (recipes, health hints, talks on the family budget, etc.), dramatic programs, many of them translated or written by the announcers themselves. Interest in radio (South Africa has no TV) is such that the estimated two million Bantu listeners of Radio Bantu write in 1.5 million letters a year. In 1965, there were 30,000 applications for jobs as announcers. The announcers are by way of being local heroes and idols; their voices and records are known to millions of Bantu listeners. They have that most important thing to the Bantu: status.

Radio Bantu probably does more outside the schoolroom to broaden the horizon of the millions of Bantu who live in the reserves than any other single agency in South Africa. Except for their radio sets, many of these Bantu would know no more today about what goes on in their own country and in the world at large than did their isolated ancestors a century ago. As their horizons widen, so too do their vocabularies and so much easier is it for them to keep abreast of their better-educated children.

VI

Turfloop. The Northern Transvaal is bleak, mesquite-type land with red and grey anthills thrusting up three and four feet high—the anthills flattened out make splendid tennis courts, we are told. Strange rock outcroppings punctuate the scenery and in all directions, blue mountains dominate the scene. It is cattle country—the cattle are a mixture of Texas Longhorns and Brahmins, developed in South Africa because of their resistance to insects and flies, and particularly to the deadly tsetse. Every now and then you pass a little circle of thatched huts, usually in the shade of a taller tree. The Bantu here and elsewhere, our driver says, had not developed even the most rudimentary civilized skills until they first came in-

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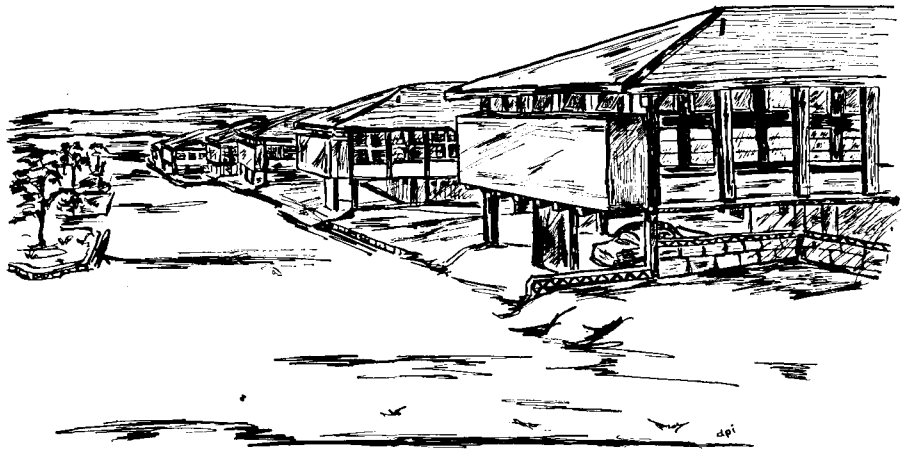
to contact with the white man in the nineteenth century seventy years earlier. They hadn't discovered the wheel. They had no alphabet, and no means of communication except by drum. In a land of wide and numerous rivers they had not discovered the elements of sailing. Their land was rich with minerals but they had done nothing to tap them. In the midst of this barrenness you come upon the University of the North, a Bantu college which will be the major center of higher education for the peoples of the area of South West Africa, of Bechuanaland and the entire Northern Sotho complex. Why then was it plunked down in what is now wilderness? Because this northern area of the Transvaal will some day be another independent Bantustan and, when that day comes, the Sotho will inherit a well-established university. The local economy has been stimulated, and the town of Turfloop is growing.



Turfloop

The design of the physical plant is modern, with native motifs. Pierced and decorated stone shields along the porches deflect the direct rays of the sun during the hottest hours of the day and yet allow breezes to circulate. The laboratories of which the Proctor, Professor E.F. Potgieter, is obviously very proud, are superbly equipped—as is the library. The living facilities for the 400 students are simple. Two to four boys in a room in the single-story quadrangles surrounding a grassy square: simple, yes, but considerably more comfortable than the rooms in the Eastern prep school my brothers attended. (Cleaner, too.)

"Bantu U." is a constituent college of the University of South Africa, which means that its standards are on a par with any of the other university colleges; entrance requirements are as high; the course of study is the same; the exams are graded as toughly. Tuition and board are roughly $250 a year—about one-third what it actually costs the government to maintain a student at the college—and bursaries and scholarships are relatively easy to come by. Mr. Potgieter has eighty faculty members, of whom only eighteen are Bantu. But he hopes in the next five years to increase the proportion of Bantu to white, to turn over more of the administration to the Bantus, in the long run, "to work myself out of a job." The Bantu professors are paid about one-third less than their white colleagues, which Mr. Potgieter thinks is wrong, but their children get free tuition at the university—which the children of their white colleagues don't (not that they would be going to the University of the North)—and whatever graduate work the Bantu teacher wants to do is also underwritten by the government. Mr. Potgieter gave us a brief rundown on the history of the college and then opened the meeting to questions. They came fast and hard. What did Mr. Potgieter think of the "learnability" of the Bantu? The Bantu at this college is as educable as students at other colleges in South Africa, Mr. Potgieter said. He conceded that there were fewer brilliant students at the University of the North but insisted that there were good reasons for this, many of them environmental, some of them linguistic. He pointed out that the son of a Bantu professor at Turfloop would have a much easier time of it as a student because of a lifetime among educated people than the son of a cattle herder from the north Transvaal. But both have the same ability to learn, he assured us. There was one student at the moment he wished we could have met. "He came to us a raw jewel and he is now an instructor at the college. He's studied in Durban and Johannesburg. In time we will make sure he goes abroad." He made us feel the excitement he had felt when he realized what he had in that one "raw jewel." How about the Bantu professor, someone wanted to know. Would Mr. Potgieter fraternize with him? "We eat together in the faculty dining room," he said. "He's the head of one of my departments." No, Mr. Potgieter wouldn't invite him home for dinner in the evening any more than the Bantu professor would invite Potgieter home. At one point, while touring the library, one of the more persistent reporters asked his umpteenth loaded question of the hour. It got through Potgieter's guard and he flared up at him. Then, pulling himself together, he apologized:

"I'm not fighting you," he said. "I'm fighting for my country."

Fighting for his country for Mr. Potgieter means spending his most productive years at administrative tasks that are uncongenial to him (he is devoted to scholarship) because he believes—is totally convinced—that the Bantu is educable. Professor Potgieter believes in apartheid. To him separate development means uplifting, not holding down the Bantu. He just doesn't fit into that easy stereotype of the brutal Afrikaner whose only interest in the black man is in the toil that can be extracted from him.

VII

Durban. Sewsunker ("Papwa") Segulum is a great golfer, the athlete South Africa's Indian population most admires. Ever since our arrival, there had been considerable brouhaha in the press over whether he would be permitted to defend his Natal Open championship, which was to be played here in Durban. Papwa had competed in professional tourneys in the past but now an apartheid law on

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sports was to be applied more rigorously: golf tournaments hereafter were to be limited to whites only (even spectators). Papwa had been informed that he would not be permitted to play in the Natal Open; then—a week or so later—it had been announced that, as defending champion, he would be allowed to play in it—but for the last time. (A result of the "white only" ruling is that Papwa is through as far as international competitions are concerned. He cannot raise the money to compete abroad if barred from a shot at the rich purses in the South African professional circuit. The "whites only" ruling spells finis to his professional career.)

But this one final time, Papwa was to be allowed to play. And he did, for four, miserable, rain-drenched days. Most South Africans, white and Indian, hoped he would pull it off against the formidable and popular Gary Player. Papwa didn't make it. He came in six strokes back of Player, in fourth position. And that meant that the prize-giving ceremony had to be held out-of-doors, under the dripping trees, so that Papwa could receive his prize along with the other winners—as an Indian he was not permitted inside the Durban clubhouse although other Indians were, as waiters, busboys, porters, cleaningmen, cooks.

Papwa's case is one facet of apartheid. Other examples, from press stories, editorials and radio news broadcasts and commentaries I came across in thirty days in South Africa, will probably give as clear a picture of separate development as any number of learned dissertations on the subject. These represent the surface manifestations of the apartheid doctrine. I give them to you in the exact order that I read or heard them.

➔ *Item:* A debate in parliament over a new regulation to tighten segregation in public transportation brought up the problem of personal inconvenience as, say, when a nurse with a vacationing white family is forced, by her color, to take a Negro-chauffeured taxi to the beach while her young white charges ride in a white-chauffeured taxi.

➔ *Item:* A correction. "Asiatics will not be excluded from posts in the footwear industry now occupied by Coloreds as stated in a Durban report." For the purposes of the shoe industry, it turned out, Asiatics were classified as Coloreds so the report on new job reservations, announced by the Department of Labor, which said that "only a white person could replace a white person, and that a Colored person could not be replaced by an African," meant that a Colored person could not be replaced by an African but could be replaced by an Asiatic. (The Industrial Conciliation Act states exactly which jobs are "reserved" to which of the four races in South Africa.)

➔ *Item:* "Africans in the building industry will be legally allowed to operate power cranes and drive motor vehicles of more than three tons, in terms of the latest Gazette notice."

➔ *Item* (from the *East Province Herald*): "The Assembly decided by 66 to 41 that the [then] Minister of Justice, Mr. [John] Vorster, should be empowered to keep Robert Sobukwe, the former Pan-African Congress leader, in captivity on Robben Island at least until June 30 next year [1967]." Sobukwe has been held on Robben Island, a prison island situated nine miles off Capetown, by special act of the Assembly since his three-year term for incitement against the Pass Laws had expired in 1963. The government excuse for holding him after the expiration of his term was, according to Mr. Vorster, that "there was nothing to indicate that Sobukwe had changed his views, or intentions, or that he would not, after his release, start afresh from where he had left off before his arrest." This brings up two questions: 1) the Pass Laws, and 2) detention. The Pass Laws force every Bantu in South Africa to carry with him, at all times, a sort of internal passport, the Pass Book, which lists his name, occupation, residence and employer. The reasons for the pass books are understandable. Thousands of Bantu from the British protectorates of Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland, from Rhodesia, Zambia and from the South African reserves, slip across borders yearly and move to South Africa's booming cities to look for work. During World War II this resulted in the rapid growth of slums, particularly in the Johannesburg area, that bred dirt, disease and criminal unrest. These slums were torn down after the war and the Bantu relocated in the Soweto Townships outside Johannesburg. The government decided at that time that the only way to control this influx of black labor was to require every South African Bantu who wanted to move to a city to get permission for that move before he left his reserve. The Pass Laws are bitterly hated by the Bantu, who argues that if he loses his job and can't get another one in 72 hours he may be sent back to his hereditary homeland. He claims, also, and with certain justice, that this puts him at an unfair disadvantage with his employer who can, if he chooses, give him such a bad recommendation that he will not get a new job in a given number of days or hours and thus ensure that he is exiled from the city.

Question 2 raised by the Sobukwe detention is, of course, the horrifying notion that a government is authorized to keep a man in jail even after he has served his sentence. Shouldn't he be released and if, as Mr. Vorster contends he will, he then resumes agitation for the abolition of the Pass Laws, wouldn't the better course be to arrest him for the new offense, try him and, if he is found guilty, send him back to prison?

➔ *Item:* "The Minister of the Interior, Sen. J. de Klerk, said in reply to a question in the Assembly that an application for a passport to visit America by Mr. Knowledge Guzana [an opposition member of the Transkei parliament] had been refused, *but it was not considered to be in the public interest to disclose the reason for the purpose.*" (Ital. supplied). Question: Is this the way to treat a legislator of a semi-autonomous state? And 2) why *not* give the reason?

➔ *Item:* Mr. Justice Steyn in the Supreme Court of Capetown held that "the evidence seems to establish that insofar as appearance is concerned [Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Wyngaard] are obviously White" and consequently will not be required to move out of the Bloem Street home they have owned since 1948. How one proves one belongs to one race or another is, at the margin, very delicate, as the following from the Wyngaard article will show:

Mr. Justice Steyn said that at the

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time of their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Wyngaard indicated their race as Colored. All their children were educated at Colored schools and the two youngest children still attend a Colored school. There is evidence that they have on occasion associated with Coloreds.

On the other hand there was evidence that they associated with Whites. Their maid said at the hearings in the magistrate's [a lower] court that she accepted them as Whites because White people visited them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wyngaard said they were issued European [White] identity cards. Later Mrs. Wyngaard's card was withdrawn and a Colored card was substituted.

The State failed to prove that they were generally accepted as Colored. They associated with Whites on many occasions. They were moving from one racial group to another. The fact that in many respects they still had Colored ties and associations, illustrates that to some extent Mr. and Mrs. Wyngaard still had a foot in the Colored camp. It is certainly not proof beyond a reasonable doubt of a general acceptance as Colored.

→ *Item:* Comment by the Afrikaans author and poet Uys Krige on a new "pre-emptory law" that would result in the relocation of 20,000 Coloreds from Capetown's District Six, which had been declared a White area. "They [the Coloreds] get pushed out on the Cape Flats somewhere far from their work—and we, in time, will make huge profits out of property sites that will be almost slap-bang in the center of a great flourishing modern industrial city. . . . We dispossess the dispossessed. We take away the last few remaining privileges of the underprivileged. We continue to humble and humiliate the humble and the already humiliated. We attack the defenseless in the sacred right they have to their own home, their own hearths."

Items of this sort appear every day of the year in South African papers and are bitterly debated in the Assembly, in the editorial columns, around dinner tables. They are an intrinsic part of the separate development policy and they are the kind of thing world opinion is talking about when it condemns apartheid.

VIII

New York. We had covered nearly five thousand miles inside South Africa by plane, car and bus and talked to literally hundreds of people. We had visited everything from the super-computerized missile-tracking station at Hartebeestfontein to a kraal outside Umtata. We had been shown everything that could be shown to convince us that the government's apartheid policy was right—was, in fact the only solution for South Africa.

One has to concede the sincerity of thousands of South African men and women who are working for apartheid. One thinks of Mr. Potgieter in far-off Turfloop, of L. O. Hagan, who runs an agricultural college in the Transkei and whose eyes light up when he shows you on a map large patches of territory that are now being scientifically farmed—reclamation areas they are called—as young graduates of his school gain the confidence of village headmen and persuade them to go to the government for help and instruction. Of Mr. Rossouw and the six teachers who help him run the School for the Sons of Chiefs and Headsmen in Tsolo—and Tsolo is hardly the garden spot of anywhere. Of thousands of young bureaucrats administering probably the world's most ambitious job of social restructuring, sincere in their belief in separate development and even evangelical about it. (I was struck by the similarity to the spirit in Israel. The South Africans and the Israelis have the same enthusiasm, the same desire for approbation, the same insistence that you see all that they have accomplished and hope to do, possibly for the same psychological reasons. Both the South Africans and the Israelis regard themselves as pioneers, developing a homeland of their own and under a virtual condition of siege. Both of them seem to be saying: give us time and some measure of sympathetic understanding and we will show you what we can do.)

Is there another solution for South Africa today? Not—if we're talking practical politics—for the moment. Almost all of the whites in South Africa believe in separate development, as was demonstrated in the election last March when the ruling Nationalist Party rolled up its biggest majority ever. But many, notably the United Party, would do away with some of the more onerous outcroppings of the apartheid policy: things such as the curfews in the cities, "job reservations," the stringent pass laws. Many of the younger Nationalists believe the Coloreds and Asiatics should be represented in Parliament, for instance, and given more local authority in their own residential townships. Some believe the Coloreds should vote on the same rolls as the whites.

Many South Africans support a federated system in which the four present provinces (Cape Province, Natal, the Orange Free State, Transvaal) would be broken down into eight white provinces, to match the eight projected Bantustans, with equal representation in an upper house—much like our Senate. Under this suggestion, the lower house would be elected by property and educational qualifications which would ensure white control of the government for a long time to come, but would at the same time give the other communities a larger voice in their own destiny.

Will apartheid fail? If by that one means will it be overthrown by violent revolution, at present, no. There is nothing to support the theory that the Night of the Long Knives is just around the corner. The government has ruthlessly suppressed the black Pan-African Congress movement and imprisoned or exiled its chiefs; it has been equally stern in suppressing white apostles of revolution. We asked Mr. Vorster what his government could do about South African saboteurs who are being trained elsewhere in Africa. His answer: "We have caught each and every one of the potential saboteurs who has returned to the country. Maybe we've been lucky." He obviously didn't think it was luck.

Granted the present government will not be overthrown by force of arms in the immediate or even middle-distance future, is apartheid the only solution for South Africa? I doubt that any one can answer that question today. (When Jan Smuts was asked about the race "problem" in the Twenties, he replied that the use of the word "problem" presupposed a solution. When there is no solution, there is no problem. It is just a state of affairs, he said.) Fifty years from now, perhaps. But has South Africa fifty years?

Why is apartheid so distasteful to us Americans? Probably, all more

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concrete considerations aside, because it is so diametrically opposed to the racial course the United States has been charting energetically since the Second World War—a course whose goal is complete integration. We believe in integration at every level; that is our government's avowed policy. The South African believes in separation at every level; that is his government's avowed policy. We pledge allegiance to "one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." South Africa is now moving toward a number of nations, toward division of its land, toward restrictions of all sorts of rights that we believe to be inherent in any free society. While recognizing that there is no similarity between the problem facing South Africa's 3.5 million whites in their confrontation with 11.5 million blacks, and the problem facing America's 180 million whites and its 20 million blacks, still we shrink instinctively from the solution of apartheid without, on the other hand, having any workable alternative (with emphasis on the "workable") to suggest.

What, if anything, should we do about South Africa? Charles Burton Marshall recently suggested to a congressional committee investigating South Africa that our policy-makers "simmer down" *NR* July 26, 1966). In point of fact, if we want to bring to an end South Africa's apartheid policy we must first bring down the government of Prime Minister Vorster. Nothing short of that will accomplish the mission, or satisfy world opinion. Can we do it by sanctions? Some have been imposed and all they have done is to strengthen the South African economy. Realizing that oil shipments might be cut off, the South African government has invested large sums in developing a process that will convert its cheap coal into oil. Right now 15 per cent of its oil needs are being supplied in this way; those plants—while costly—can be expanded. Might we cut off shipments of steel, a strategic commodity? In anticipation of that, the government has set up a major steel industry. Refuse to sell South Africa arms? It has built its own arms factories. Refuse to sell it planes? It has hired 2,500 unemployed British aircraft workers, moved them to South Africa, and set up the Atlas Aircraft Company. Deny it submarine chasers? It will buy them elsewhere. It can afford to do so. It produces two-thirds of the free world's gold. Throw South Africa out of international conventions, organizations and assemblies and you push her into ever closer partnership with white-dominated Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique.

Sanctions haven't succeeded in bringing down the far weaker government of Ian Smith. Go to war, under the UN banner, to win the acclaim of Haile Selassie, William Tubman, Kenneth Kaunda and Sékou Touré? That's nonsense of course, ideological dribbling that tends to obfuscate the strategic fact that, as pointed out to us forcefully by Administrator (Governor) Gerdiner of Natal, "South Africa is very possibly the most committed anti-Communist nation in today's world." When Britain retreats from Aden; when and if she pulls back from Singapore, South Africa will be the natural supply, refueling and refitting base for U.S. and British advanced naval and air units in the Indian Ocean. If we help bring about chaos in South Africa we will deny ourselves a vital military trump in the Indian Ocean. For South Africa to be denied to the West would be a strategic and possibly, given our growing involvement in the East, a fatal disaster.

"Too much vermouth."

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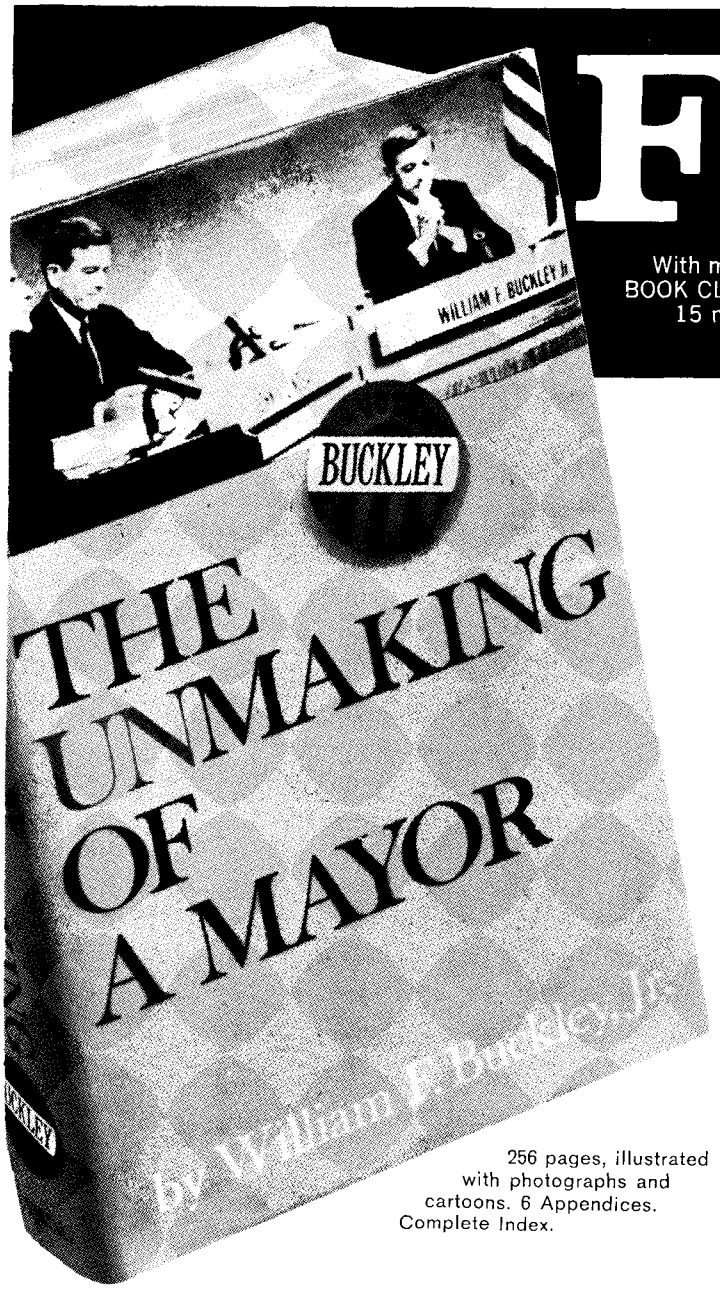

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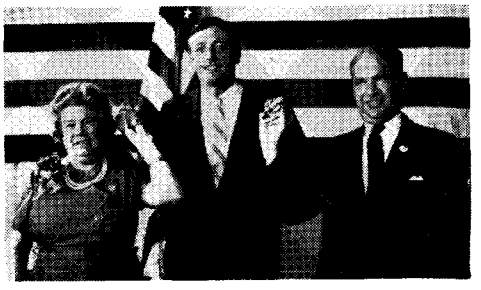

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But if Buckley added a serious note to the campaign, he also made it fun. Emerging from an off-the-record luncheon with New York *Times* editors, Buckley was asked jocularly by NBC's Gabe Pressman how he felt on leaving the Times Building. "As though I had just passed through the Berlin Wall," shot back WFB. "What is the first thing you would do if elected?" Pressman asked. "Hang a net outside the window of the editor," said Buckley.

Smear Tactics, Lindsay Style

Buckley documents the cynicism and hypocrisy with which the Lindsay team cried out against hate mongering while their aides were busy fanning the flames of ethnic hatreds wherever they thought it would get them some votes. The author reproduces a tape-recorded conversation on which one of Lindsay's top Liberal henchman used the vilest language imaginable in making general reference to Irish New Yorkers. And there is a fascinating exchange between Buckley and Democratic candidate Abe Beame, who ultimately submitted to an inner decency and whispered an *apology* for his role in the smear attempt against Buckley.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Transition Point

The public dispute over American intervention in Vietnam is deeper and wider than any previous dispute of the cold war epoch. The intense general concern expresses an intuitive awareness that the Vietnam war is something very special. It is in fact a major historical turning point, comparable to, but probably even more critical than, the Greek civil war and the combined Hungary-Suez affair. In each of these two earlier cases, the outcome of the critical episode set the historical pattern for the following decade.

Burnham

The 1947 intervention in Greece (and the simultaneous support of Turkey and Iran) meant that the United States had decided to hold the Communist advance in the West and Middle East to what might be called "the Yalta line." Seizing the military and political openings presented in the postwar dissolution, the Communists were attempting to absorb all the Balkans, enter the Middle East, and establish themselves solidly in the Mediterranean. If the U.S. had not taken firm counteraction, the Communists would have succeeded.

But Harry Truman did act firmly. The direct western drive of the Communists was stopped, not only for the moment but for an entire historical period that is not yet ended. Truman's decision was vigorously pursued: by fighting through to defeat of the Communist armed forces in Greece itself; by NATO, the Marshall Plan, strategic arming, the Berlin airlift, etc. The question of pushing the Communists back beyond the Yalta line ("liberation") was left suspended, however; and on the eastern front the Communists were permitted to take over mainland China without opposition.

In late 1956 the ambiguity about "liberation" was cleared up. When the U. S. stood aside from the Hungarian revolt it proved that there would be no interference with Communist rule inside the Yalta boundary. At the same time, the Suez incident showed that the U. S. had decided to go through with the liquidation of what remained of European colonialism. This meant, specifically, the decolonization of Africa, for which the American veto of the Anglo-French Suez expedition was the overture.

Now comes the Vietnam decade. With the western front still stabilized and all except southern Africa fluid, the eastern Communist wing has launched a massive drive to take over Southeast Asia, thus to outflank the Indian sub-continent and threaten the entire South Seas. The immediate land advance is supported by the embryo Chinese nuclear arsenal. In preparatory phases, the Communist drive had already taken over Tibet, North Vietnam and parts of Laos, when at the beginning of 1965 Lyndon Johnson made the decision to block its further advance.

Hans Morgenthau argued against Vietnam involvement on the ground that American national interest is not at stake in Vietnam. Even if we assume that this was formerly the case, the situation has been fundamentally changed by the *fact* of our large-scale involvement. When a fight is going on, the wisest course for me may be to stay out of it; but once I'm in, I'm going to win or lose. I can't avoid that bare alternative, because if I run away before it's settled, that will be universally interpreted as merely one way of losing. Morgenthau's argument is now beside the point; and it is appropriate that we don't hear much from him any more.

The fundamental alternatives in Vietnam are simple. *Either* the Communists will be beaten badly enough to put them out of the picture for the next period, as in Greece, South Korea and the Philippines, *or* the Communists will get control of South Vietnam, as in Czechoslovakia, Tibet and Cuba. The world will forget all the current disputes, and render its judgment in terms of this basic minimum disjunction. If the first alternative comes about, the judgment will be: victory for the U. S. and its allies, for the anti-Communist Vietnamese and for anti-Communism generally. If the second, the judgment will be: victory for Ho Chi Minh, for the Vietcong and for Communism.

It does not take much prophetic talent to foresee how the actual outcome—victory for us or for them—is going to determine a whole chain of consequences in the years ahead. If we lose—and we will lose if we quit without achieving at least the minimum stated above—then it is all but certain that Western power will be driven out of the entire region. How could it be otherwise? If we can't or won't stop the Communist advance in South Vietnam, where can anyone in the area expect us to stop it? The local nations, including those represented at Manila, will have to switch or face the fate of South Vietnam. But South Vietnam will have proved that there is no point in resistance. It is absurd to think that the line, breached in South Vietnam, might be held in (say) Thailand: logistically Thailand would be more difficult to defend in any case, but the Thais would obviously not bet on an America that had run out on the Vietnamese.

Whose Jackpot?

The consequences of our winning at least the minimum objective are almost as sure—though we as a nation have a way of squandering our winnings. We would have proved our ability to handle Communist-style liberation struggles—and gained a lot of experience to make future handling simpler. For that very reason there wouldn't be very many. A developing cluster of non-Communist nations in Asia and the South Seas would become a realistic possibility. And—who knows? — they and we might settle down really to try to do something about Cuba.

Victory in Vietnam would vindicate and reinforce those at home, as well as globally, who believe it better to confront threats standing up than crawling.

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Letter from Spain

El Cordobés in the Afternoon

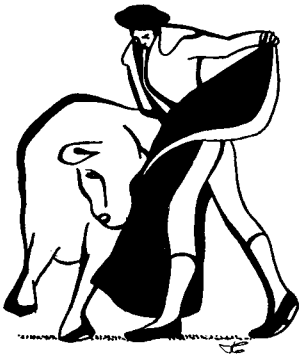
PETER CRUMPET

If the weather smiles, San Isidro is a time when the air is thick with the conmingled scents of wistaria, lilac and flowering acacia. The sun can be strong during the day; nights are still cool. Spaniards emerge from their pale and querulous winter gloom, and bask in, worshiping, the heat. There is also the smell of blood in the air. This is the bullfight season.

The San Isidro *corridas* have been distinguished in the past eight years by their increasingly prohibitive prices, bulls gorged like Strasbourg geese to impress by their great weight and ultimately deceive by their youth and debility, and *matadors* who, having exacted fantastic fees for the fiesta, but mindful that this is only May, and the beginning of a long, long season, generally do everything in their power to avoid risking their valuable hides in front of the horns. Occasionally, there is a decent, and even inspired *faena*. More often, the fights are an exercise in endurance, on the part alike of spectators, bulls and their executioners. It really matters very little. The Plaza de las Ventas is always full.

Formerly, in Madrid, a *matador* was never accorded an ear unless he entered truly with the sword and killed his bull. Now ears are showered on butchers who prick the beast to death with repeated and cowardly lunges. Ears keep up the reputation of the fiesta. The tourists know no better, and half the younger generation of Spaniards doesn't either.

With the retirement of Dominguín, the wane of an aging Ordoñez and the cynicism of such as Paco Camino, this is the epoch of the "two passes," as one of Madrid's better critics describes it. He symbolizes by the phrase a pervasive *aburrimiento* (is there a more marvelous word in any language for boredom?) that has taken the salt out of bullfighting. No work with the stately, cerise-and-yellow cape is now required. Glorious *veronicas* are seldom seen; *cursi chicuelinas* take their place. Perhaps not a *matador* of the first rank fighting today deigns to plant the *banderillas*: the lithe and feral arrogance of a Curro Girón, executing a breath-taking *quiebro*, is a fading memory. With the *muleta*—the short, scarlet cape—precisely two passes are made, *naturales* (generally without quality) and the terminating *paso de pecho* (generally unearned). Oh, *redondos* are attempted. Do you recall the haughty pomp of Luis Miguel Dominguín, as he stood stiffly, and with a contemptuous curl of his thin lips, wrapped the bull around him; or the hunched integrity of Antonio Ordoñez, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly swirling a black beast round and round his vulnerable body? Weep, *amigo*. What travesties are committed now: hurried, awkward, without art and without drama. And nothing else seems to be in the repertory, not even *manoletinas*, which require a forgotten dignity to justify. When it comes to the kill—to the consummation of what is supposed to have been a measured, rhythmic and gripping performance—God help us, most of them don't even know how it is done.



El Cordobés, the charming young bullfighter who has made such a fortune in the past five years, and cut so many ears, tails and feet that he could start a meat-packing business, is the figure responsible for much of what is wrong with and so dreadfully dull about contemporary *fiestas*. El Cordobés looks like the issue of a mating between a Beatle haircut and the smile and features of a young Bobby Kennedy. He really could not miss. He is youthful, gay, insolent, impudent, unforgivable, capricious, outrageous and very, very brave.* He can do nothing at all with the cape. The sword is his nemesis. Even El Cordobés sometimes has been denied his tribute of sanguinary trophies because of his atrocious incapacity when it comes to killing. But with the *muleta* . . .

Well, he knows two passes. He jiggles and hurries and most of the time stumbles after the bull. There is no such critter as art connected with his *faenas*. But they can be exciting. Into almost every fight, he puts not only his heart and soul, but very often substantial patches of his gut. To the cheers of pansies, who adore him, he thrusts his very manhood at the bull, courting mutilation and death. Skill may not be with El Cordobés, but the Grace of God most certainly is. Throughout one of his *faenas*, the crowd chomps on its heart.

Not so with a legion of imitators, who ape everything about El Cordobés, including his anarchic shock of hair and his profound ignorance of bullfighting, but who cannot imitate the brilliance of his personality. Meanwhile, gullible tourists pay exorbitant prices to attend the spectacles. Spaniards who should know better flap white handkerchiefs and bellow for ears. The critics (those few unpurchased) moan and pour ashes on their heads. The *matadors* wax fat. The animals are waxed fatter than their immature frames can bear, because it is profitable to pawn off a three-year-old as a Bull. Everybody is happy. Spring has come to Madrid. I shall not attend the *corridas*, but I will spend many a sunny afternoon sipping coffee at an open bar on the Castellana, watching the gold and azure glory of the Spanish sky, waiting for twilight, impatient for twilight, when the acacia seems to soak the soft air with its perfume.

**Author's Note:* In connection with any criticism leveled at contemporary bullfighting, be it known that the writer has once presented himself at a *tienta* and provided admirable sport for four little cows. Once. And never again. The assumption underlying every remark is that the writer himself never —not for a million dollars in gold out of the U.S. mint—would step into the arena with a brave bull, unless garbed in a complete coat of steel and armed with a battleaxe.

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The Open Question

Dissent from an Anti-Revisionist

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

The Pearl Harbor spread in the Dec. 13 issue of my favorite magazine needs, I think, substantial mitigation if not outright correction. Admiral Beatty's judgment that it would have been a military "disaster" to release, shortly after Pearl Harbor, a complete report of the damage, is incredibly dismissed by Harry Barnes as "overkindness" to FDR on the grounds that the information was entirely available in the newspapers. To believe this we must believe that Admiral Beatty didn't read the newspapers, or is an idiot. Tough choice! Luckily only the revisionists impose such tasks upon themselves.*

Rickenbacker

And what villains the villains are! Henry Stimson must be shown not only to have engineered the Pearl Harbor attack but to have been in a conspiracy that dated back thirty years; to have maliciously plotted against the Japanese at least ten years earlier (on the grounds, it turns out, that the Japanese would be tempted to attack an independent Philippines—which is exactly what they did); to have been "clever" and "adroit" in shifting guilt and avoiding blame; to have connived in leading the U.S. "step by step into World War II." I had thought that NATIONAL REVIEW was more discriminating in evaluating conspiratorial theories.

Again, I protest against the provincial anti-intellectualism of the revisionist clique. "Revisionism" is equated with "truth," and all else is "court history" or lies or special pleading. There is a persecution complex thinly concealed beneath the surface of this I'm-right-and-all-the-rest-are-wrong line; and persecution complexes are death on clear thinking. What purpose is served, for Heaven's sake, in razzing Samuel Eliot Morison time and time again as "court historian"? It isn't even accurate. Morison admits in his recent Oxford History (p. 1000) that the war had been foreseen, that Japan had been boxed in: "This embargo [mid-1941] on oil and credit brought Japan to the point of war."

Now to disagree with the revisionist theory of a worldwide conspiracy to drag the U.S. into World War II is *not* to adopt the revisionist propensity to isolationism. I think a very powerful case can be made, especially in the light of hindsight, for total U.S. non-involvement in World War II as of 1940, when it became clear that Hitler and Stalin were going to slug it out. I don't plead that case, because in hindsight there is a better case for total U.S. involvement, against Hitler, in 1935. The hindsight-mongers always try to cut our vision off as we get back to 1939 or 1940. Why not go back to the beginning?

Consequences of Revisionism

Revisionism brings some pretty serious consequences. Let me mention them. Let the first revisionist in the front door, and before long the second will come forward to argue as follows: "Well! Not only was there a general conspiracy dating back thirty years to suck the U.S. into the Second World War, but that conspiracy exists to this very day, and is the exclusive cause of the cold war. The cold war is nothing but an instrument in the hands of the Liberal/conservative conspiracy to retain control of government and industry, provide excuses for wage and price controls, and saddle us with a totalitarian society." (Cf. Greaves' contrast, p. 1266, between the conspiracy on the one hand, and prewar freedom, on the other.) The line continues: "Stop the conspiracy, stop the war, and we'll be free again." Two months ago at a meeting of the Philadelphia Society a leading revisionist, James Martin, sought to explain his position by crying out, not once but several times, "I'm just sick and tired of war." Hardly a historian speaking there; nor a strategist either.

Revisionism must be opposed, I submit, as long as it is operationally indistinguishable from pacifism; as long as it refuses to face the reality of a Communist global threat; as long as it smudges the line that separates faulty policy from high treason; as long as it seeks to explain history by exclusive reliance on conspiracy.

I owe you a short note on my own interpretation of Pearl Harbor. The Administration did seek an excuse to get the U.S. involved in the war. It absolutely forced Japan to act. It was completely convinced that Japan would do something remote, abstract, and not very damaging to our military posture—maybe in the Philippines, or Borneo. The attack on Pearl Harbor was one of the greatest military exploits in history, and (a necessary condition of greatness in this genre) it caught the victim utterly by surprise. That may be why the Administration was so ineffably angry at the Japanese. They hadn't cooperated in the little game. Invited to play war, the Japanese refused to count coconut palms in the Southwest Pacific. They struck at the heart of their tormentor's Pacific kingdom. FDR was furious. That FDR, with his lifelong passion for the sea and his happy memories as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, would placidly contrive the destruction of the American fleet in the Pacific—it simply doesn't figure. He was crooked enough to gamble with the Philippines and for East Europe; but enough of a sailor not to want to blow up the fleet.

FDR antagonized Japan, expecting an attack in the Orient. The Japanese, and they alone, planned the Pearl Harbor attack. According to Gallup, in 1941, 94 per cent of the U.S. people favored embargoes on Japan. Doctrinaire revisionism is not only delusive but perilous in the extreme.

*But, having made the strategic blunder to join the war, the Japanese made another strategic blunder in the immediate aftermath of the Pearl Harbor attack. The United States was so disorganized at the time that an immediate Japanese follow-up against the Hawaiian Islands would undoubtedly have resulted in their capture and occupation by the Japanese. . . . Moreover, the Japanese did not press their advantage. They failed to exploit the principle of Pursuit. . ." Gen. Nathan F. Twining, *Neither Liberty Nor Safety*, p. 212.

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The Bit-by-Bit War

'Incremental escalation,' they call it in the Pentagon, meaning our strategy in Vietnam. It sounds effective but it isn't

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

By any measure of progress, the Vietnamese war has made precious little movement away from dead center since the United States openly committed its military strength to the conflict in February 1965.

The two key measuring sticks, percentage of population under friendly control, and size and organization of the Communist military structure, offer scant grounds for believing that we have made any significant gains since that time.

During this period the essence of U.S. strategy has been a policy of careful, cautious escalation of the conflict. In the words of the President, "[our] actions will be measured, fitting, and adequate." It is an interesting exercise to review what these actions have been.

1965

February 7—Regular bombing raids against the North begin.

February 24—U.S. planes enter action against the Vietcong.

June 17—B-52 bombers used for the first time in the South.

June 28—First independent ground action initiated by U.S. troops.

July 5 & 7—B-52 bombers used for the second and third times in the South.

April 12—B-52 bombers make first strike against North Vietnamese target (Mu Gia Pass).

June 29—First bombing raid against the Hanoi-Haiphong petroleum facilities.

July 30—First U.S. operations in the demilitarized zone between the North and South.

Bit by bit the United States has expanded the war geographically, in terms of the quantity and quality of U.S. forces employed, and through modifications of the rules of engagement under which U.S. forces are allowed to attack the enemy. In accordance with current doctrine, all of these steps have been preceded and accompanied by public, private, and "leaked" declarations of our willingness to negotiate, of our desire for "no wider war," and with pleas for "mutual de-escalation."

In sum, all reasonable observers agree that for the past two years the United States has been engaged in a most carefully and finely orchestrated gradual escalation of the war. It behooves us to ask, "What have been the guiding forces behind adopting this gradualist (or "incremental") approach to the war?"

War Doctrine Bankrupt

Two fundamental forces are involved: domestic and international political considerations, which receive an almost nauseating amount of public comment, and doctrinal considerations, which receive far less attention than they merit. It is this writer's contention that the doctrine which is currently being employed in the Vietnamese war has manifestly proved itself bankrupt.

Out of the conflicting tides and passions of civil rights, NATO, the gold flow, the War on Poverty, and a thousand and one issues and personalities, the political process probably sets certain maximum and minimum constraints on the President to act as he sees fit. But it is equally true that our policy of incremental escalation in Vietnam has been derived to a remarkable extent from the writings of a large school of civilian strategists and experts on limited war and "conflict management." And there is a clear danger that the doctrine of incremental escalation, as applied by our policymakers, may lead to the very ends which they are trying to avoid: the full-scale entrance into the war by China and Russia, or defeat.

The most widely known of these strategists is Herman Kahn, and it is his most recent book, *On Escalation*, which appears to be the White House's military staff manual. It was Kahn who put into public circulation the concept of the "ladder of escalation" and the idea of varying types of "rungs" on the ladder. In fairness to Kahn and the others, most of their work continually calls attention to qualifications in their assumptions, and warns of the limitations inherent in the academic approach. But whatever the intentions of its authors, the body of literature has been applied to the Vietnamese war by Washington policymakers—and the results, or lack of them, speak for themselves.

The advocates of incremental escalation draw their faith from their doctrine's supposed ability to minimize risks and maximize making our intentions clear to the enemy. Perhaps most important (though usually left unstated), they believe it is a *rational* approach to the problem of war. In this age of computers and the deification of cost effectiveness and systems analysis as applied to military problems, this last argument may well be the most influential.

The doctrine of incremental escalation, as applied to the Vietnamese war, states that by gradually increasing military and economic pressure on North Vietnam we can secure its withdrawal from the war in the South. Disregarding the probably fallacious assumption which underlies this belief (namely, that without North Vietnamese support there would be no need for a U.S. presence in the South to prevent a Communist

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takeover), one can immediately point out that close to two years of this policy have shown no positive gains. This the President's opponents, both Left and Right, have made abundantly clear.

From the U.S. point of view, the results so far have all been negative: we have failed to achieve any reduction in the scale and tempo of the war, despite several unilateral de-escalations at one time or another (this is a carrot which the civilian strategists have always avoided holding out to the enemy), the enemy has markedly increased his order of battle, our own casualities in men and matériel are rising daily, and our ability to meet worldwide commitments has been seriously impaired. True, the absolute worst of a Communist takeover of the South has been avoided for the present, but in view of the intended results of incremental escalation, that is small comfort.

Escalatory Measures Futile

What the theoreticians and appliers of incremental escalation do not realize is that the very rationality of their doctrine destroys its effectiveness. Because of our policy the North Vietnamese have been able to prepare themselves militarily, economically, and psychologically for each successive step-up of the war. Not only do these preparations reduce the amount of material and psychological damage which each step-up inflicts, but most importantly, the North Vietnamese are able to condition themselves to accept damage without changing their politico-military objectives in the South.

A perfect example of the futility of incremental escalation is furnished by the question of whether or not to bomb the Hanoi-Haiphong oil depots. These targets had been withheld from U.S. bombers ever since the commencement of regular raids over the North in February 1965. It was made clear to the North Vietnamese that in view of the importance of the depots to their economy, we considered an attack on them would constitute an act of significant escalation. "Clearly," our brief to Hanoi stated, "it would be in your interests to at least sit down at the conference table and talk."

But the North Vietnamese never did sit down at the conference table, simply because two years earlier they had considered the probability that the depots would be attacked—and had then taken as many measures as possible to ease their expected loss. By the time the decision was finally reached in Washington to add the depots to the approved target lists, the North Vietnamese had dispersed a considerable quantity of the POL (petroleum, oil, and lubricants) to smaller depots throughout the country, as well as caching tens of thousands of drums along highways and in small towns. In addition, the North Vietnamese had enough time to order and receive delivery on fuel barges from Eastern Europe which could off-load Soviet tankers when the expected destruction of the shore-based off-loading facilities was carried out by U.S. warplanes.

At this moment there are escalatory measures pending in Washington that are having exactly the same effect. One of these measures is the extensive use of naval gunfire against North Vietnamese coastal targets. Sending cruisers and destroyers to shell choice targets along the North Vietnamese coast clearly is moving up another rung on the ladder. But even if we were to intitiate such a move now it would be too late. The North Vietnamese, under Russian guidance and utilizing Russian equipment, are installing powerful coastal batteries at critical points and perfecting their ability to send ships and planes against such a task force. And no doubt the North Vietnamese have also conditioned themselves to accept this added punishment as just another (temporary) cost of supporting their brothers in the South.

There are plently of other examples, past and pending, to re-emphasize this point. Note, for instance, the pause of three weeks between the first and second uses of B-52 bombers in the South. The lesson they all boil down to, though, is simply this: if the enemy has decided to accept a particular degree of damage/destruction/loss of men, he will a) take measures to minimize his losses, and b) re-affirm his ultimate goals.

One of the primary functions of military and civil defense staffs is to consider what the future holds and to plan for it. The full implications of this fact have simply eluded Kahn and so many other civilian theorists. As long as the effects of a particular course of action by the opposition are foreseen and planned for, its impact is diluted, sometimes to the point of irrelevancy (except, perhaps, in the mind of the attacker). Example: the oil depots. Speculate for a moment, then, on the results that an attack on these same depots would have yielded in February 1965, rather than June 1966. Incremental escalation, by its very nature, gives the enemy our war plans in advance.

The alternative, then, is to deny the enemy our plans—to surprise him. Hit him where he *isn't* expecting it.

The North Vietnamese military, civil defense, and political establishments are operating on the basic assumption that the U.S. plans to continue its current policy of incremental escalation, and at present there is no reason to question their judgment. But what if we confounded them? What if we were suddenly to shift from the incremental approach to one which involved a "quantum jump"? Instead of ascending rung by rung, as the current set of "conflict managers" would have us move, let us confound the enemy by presenting him with a situation for which he is neither materially nor psychologically prepared.

Remember Cuba?

There is a significant and successful historical precedent for this approach: the Cuban crisis of October 1962. The Russians introduced intermediate range missiles into Cuba and were obviously prepared for an incremental escalatory situation to develop. They were probably counting on the United Nations and our nervous West European allies eventually to persuade us to accept the Russian rhetoric that the missiles were purely "defensive." But, unfortunately for the Russians, we kept the awful secret of the U-2 photographs to ourselves until we had decided upon a course of action. The ability to have kept this secret is a near-miracle, and it certainly upset the entire Russian plan. Not until our course of action was decided did we tell the United Nations and allies. And this course of action involved a very major quan-

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tum jump: a readiness to engage in a nuclear war if certain conditions were not met.

Dean Rusk's "eyeball-to-eyeball" epigram and Khrushchev's explanations to the contrary, it is known that at no time did the Russian readiness for nuclear war ever approach our own. In fact, there is solid evidence for believing that the failure of the Russians to achieve a near-war readiness was primarily due to their fear that to have done so might have precipitated a U.S. first strike. In other words, the enemy, expecting and planning for an incremental response to his provocation, was presented with a very real quantum jump—and he backed down, facilitated by careful U.S. pronouncements.

And Korea?

Another historical example of a successful quantum jump may now be emerging from the Korean War through President Eisenhower's revelations that it was only after he warned the Chinese Communists that we were ready to use the atomic bomb that the war was brought to a close.

There is a wide variety of escalatory measures the United States can take in the Vietnamese war. Some of these can be called incremental, others "quantic," *at a given point of time.* The qualifying phrase is emphasized, for what was a quantic measure yesterday could be merely incremental (or less) today. A few of the measures which come to mind are bombing industrial centers, a meaningful program of guerrilla/commando operations in the North, destruction of the Red River dike system at a particular level of flood, attacks on population centers, destruction of North Vietnamese crops through chemical and biological agents, direct or indirect blockade of North Vietnamese ports, invasion or seizure of North Vietnamese real estate (i.e. an island in the Gulf of Tonkin), or the use of atomic weapons.

Some of these escalatory measures have already been planned for by the North, as we have shown. Some may have been seriously considered by North Vietnamese planners but then dismissed at this time (i.e., the bombing of population centers). But there are some courses of action left to the United States which North Vietnamese officials, because of their estimates of U.S. politics and doctrine, consider highly unlikely, and for which they are neither materially nor psychologically prepared. Most certainly two of these are the use of chemical and biological warfare against agriculture, and the employment of atomic weapons. To the best of this writer's knowledge, there has been no substantiated report coming out of North Vietnam which indicates any serious discussion about or preparations to deal with either of these two possibilities.

Raising the ABC (atomic, biological, and chemical) specter is the surest way to send the Communist propaganda machine and its leftist-Liberal transmission belts into a frenzy of activity, as well as challenging a host of more responsible protagonists. In bringing up the ABC question, we are told, we are not merely suggesting another step up the ladder, or even a jump of a couple of rungs, but we are "crossing a threshhold" and counseling "eruptive escalation." It may be that the serious consideration of such measures does not accord with current theories about how erudite "conflict managers" run wars. But it is equally true that it was a carefully managed quantum jump that achieved our clearly stated (and limited) objectives in the Cuban missile crises, and it is beginning to look as though the Korean War was brought to a halt by a similar strategy.

The longer the current bit-by-bit policy continues, the easier it will be for the Russians and the Chinese to increase their military presence in the war, until at some point a major confrontation will be inevitable. There is still a chance to avoid that moment.

The lesson should be clear by now: two years of costly, bloody struggle in Southeast Asia have served to demonstrate that incremental escalation, however convenient for war gamers in plush Washington seminar rooms, is a bankrupt concept and may well be more damaging to us than to the enemy.

Adam Clayton Powell

In Homer's Greece, the gods could do
Just what the hell they wanted to.
Cavorting on Olympus, they
Would play a daily matinée
For mortals chained to mortal law—
Despite the shocking things they saw.
While tracking Mr. Powell, I
Am tempted to identify
With ancient Athens watching Zeus
Give Hera an immortal goose.
However, since I'm not a Greek,
The decent thing's to holler . . . EEK!

W. H. VON DREELE

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To the Point

The Dogma of the South

RUSSELL KIRK

Governor George Romney, in his tardily-published correspondence with Mr. Barry Goldwater after the elections of 1964, mentioned that the Goldwater campaign seemed to be attuned to the mentality of the rural white citizens of the Southern states. The country folk of the South, one gathers, are stamped with the Mark of the Beast.

Such sanctimonious sermons from Northern politicians are nothing new. The other day I came upon a pertinent passage in the good new biography of Robert E. Lee by Mrs. Margaret Sanborn (Lippincott $6.95). In 1859, the New York newspapers printed letters that accused Lee of being a Simon Legree. "Each writer also told of the capture of three Arlington slaves who, according to one correspondent, had 'run away,' while the other stated that in the innocent belief that their five-year period of waiting had expired, they decided 'to leave for the North.' Both letters were in agreement on the point that when the slaves were brought back to Arlington, Lee had them whipped and when 'the brute in human form' refused to administer 39 lashes to one woman slave, Lee stripped her and applied the whip himself."

Kirk

The libels upon a great Virginian were malicious fabrications, of course. The Northern twentieth-century notion that the whole South is one long Tobacco Road has no better foundation.

Just thirty years ago, Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* caricature of the South was dissected, in a fashion somehow both mordant and urbane, by the late John Donald Wade, founder of the *Georgia Review*. Wade's essay, entitled "Sweet are the Uses of Degeneracy," may be found in a new volume edited by Professor Donald Davidson, *Selected Essays and Other Writings of John Donald Wade* (University of Georgia Press, $7.50). It must be said for Caldwell, however, that he seemed to detest all regions of America impartially. As Wade pointed out, Caldwell's report on Detroit, in *Some American People*, made *Tobacco Road* seem distinctly cheerful: "Detroit and other cities of its type are beyond doubt the most iniquitous and wretched places in the world. . . ."

So the former president of American Motors might do well to find a better guide to the South than Caldwell and his kind. It seems unlikely that Governor Romney would turn to the verse of Donald Davidson (whose *Poems, 1922—1961*, a selection, were published this year by the University of Minnesota Press, $5). Mr. Romney distinctly is a resident of the "Long Street," "these square cliffs of brick and steel," so heartily disliked by Mr. Davidson; besides, few American politicians ever read any poetry, more's the pity. Yet Mr. Romney conceivably might apprehend the prose of John Donald Wade; and I do commend to my fellow Michiganian Wade's essay called "Old Wine in a New Bottle," published in 1935.

In this fine and tender essay, Wade is concerned principally with three Southerners of the days of Reconstruction—Robert Lewis Dabney, Albert Taylor Bledsoe, and Charles Colcock Jones. With these three, Wade believed that there is a South not geographic, not physical, which still stands, however imperfectly, against "the quick demons of disintegration and chaos, active throughout Western civilization."

The Saints March In

Dabney, Bledsoe, and Jones developed a dogma. "Among the saints it spoke of—or might have spoken of—reverently, were St. Thomas Aquinas, Erasmus, Edmund Burke, and Thomas Carlyle, and, in America, Thomas Jefferson, John Taylor, Beverly Tucker, William Grayson, John Calhoun, and Edmund Ruffin." Such were the Southern champions of the great tradition, unhappily severed from their potential allies in the North "by the comparatively minor and irrelevant (because it was surely doomed) issue of slavery."

This Southern Dogma made war upon a heresy: the worship of those impostor gods called Speed and Mass. "Speed and Mass spare nothing. The flower of religion, the flower of honor, the flower of chivalry, they will ride down under their wheels, their followers banging madly after them, all fiend-like, joy-riding quite joyously round and round the shrunken world—looking for sensations. There will be a flower of simple faith in one's fellow to be ridden down. And there will be a flower at long last, growing indeed far, scarcely this side of ruin's brink—the flower of one's caring, really, what happens, at all. This flower too, these fiends will ride down till it is dust."

Speed, Mass: False Gods?

To Governor Romney, as to most moderns, Speed and Mass do not seem to be false gods; and Southern prejudices against Speed and Mass, or against the omniscience and omnicompetence of industrialist-politicians, must be eradicated at whatever cost.

John Donald Wade was a gentleman who cultivated his garden—on rather a grand scale. In his native Georgian town, he established the Marshallville Foundation, honoring the pioneers who had settled in that pleasant spot, to make Marshallville beautiful. "He aimed to forestall, or at least blunt, that destructive force [the drift from country to city] by making the town a place that people —especially young people—would find pleasant, would indeed love, and so not be lured off to Macon or Atlanta or New York," says Mr. Davidson.

But Professor Wade subscribed to the Southern Dogma. Let such archaic rural Southerners as Wade be bound hand and foot, and cast into the outer political darkness, says righteous George Romney. In Motoropolis is all manner of delight.

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Help for the Stricken

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

There is a heap o'sorrow in the world on New Year's Day and other mornings-after, and since this is the season of brotherly love, I asked around for the best ways of bringing relief to the sufferers. Not that I want to imply for one moment that anything stronger than Moxie ever touches the lips of my collaborators. But before being saints, they were sinners in the best saintly tradition, and wise to the ways of the flesh. They are also extremely kind people and therefore frequently approached by men and women with stricken eyes, saying, "Please help me, please help me." Here is a list of charitable suggestions, and may they bring a little life back to buzzing heads and sunken eyes.

Basically, hangover cures fall into two kinds: one shocking the human system so much that it springs back into shape, and the other, working with gentle persuasion over a longer period of time. A slug of raw tequila seasoned with lemon juice and salt, or a slug of any whisky, neat, or a prairie oyster, consisting of a raw egg pepped up with one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon vinegar, a dash of Tabasco and plenty of pepper, come into the first category. The prairie oyster must be swallowed whole to work, the experts say. Tomato juice, doused with so much Angostura that it becomes purple, and well-peppered, is another system-shocker. The worst and because of that the most effective (I quote some experts) is a drink of Fernet Branca, an Italian herb bitters more herbal and bitter than can be described. This awful drink can be spiked with a little gin or vodka, and taken straight or with soda. Milder potions include black velvet (a mixture of champagne and stout), the usual Bloody Mary, mineral water such as Vichy or Perrier (with, if wanted, the same amount of dry white wine), sauerkraut juice, plain or with tomato juice or lemon, and of course, endless black coffee preceded by aspirins. Incidentally, all experts agree that a couple of aspirins with a glass of cold milk, or a shot of whiskey should be taken *before* going to bed.

Now to some personal remedies. To begin with our bold and fearless leader, Bill Buckley. He indeed is a favorite of the gods, because he never suffers the morning after, and he thinks this is because he does not smoke. There is no doubt that heavy smoking makes an approaching hangover worse. Jim Beard, America's leading gourmet, finds comfort in a drink made from ¼ cup brandy and ¾ cup ice-cold milk, together with Steak Tartare—the best steak, finely ground and eaten raw with a little minced onion and salt and pepper. Craig Claiborne's remedy is as distinguished as his taste in food is ex-

quisite (he is food editor of the *New York Times*): he drinks as much good champagne as is needed to recuperate and eats some spicy food such as chili or curry. Norbert Muhlen, the author, has a fearsome cure culled from the Junkers of East Prussia, great drinkers all. It is called "Nikolashka" and consists of a little glass of pure vodka, covered with one slice of salami that has been spread with a good mustard. You sip the vodka through the salami. For lesser men, he suggests sauerkraut eaten raw, or sour herring and beer. Beer is also the suggestion of Per Prag and Axel Dessau, respectively the directors of the Norwegian and the Danish Travel Offices, though Mr. Prag insists on Norwegian, and Mr. Dessau on Danish, beer. Leon Lianedes, the owner of one of New York's best restaurants, the Coach House, has a (to me) melancholy cure, based upon two favorite food ingredients of his native Greece: hot boiled rice with nothing but lots of lemon juice. He says this is most soothing. Howard Turner, a writer of documentary films, takes Fernet first and a soft-boiled egg after, and Bobbie Herzberg, another writer of documentary films, believes in two aspirins, black coffee and a strong whisky sour, as well as in any activities that stimulate the andrenal glands. Alfred Knopf Jr. wants to be alone, with no people, no noise, no nothing, so that he can sleep and sleep. My own son Julian, a callow youth who goes to Columbia, believes in aspirins and a drink when you get up, and a few prayers. Tom Margittai, whose original home was in Hungary before he became a VP of Restaurant Associates, says that sauerkraut soup is best of all. Larry Slade, the kindest of all the men I know, hankers after soup, good nourishing soup to rehydrate the body—dehydration being one of the effects of too much drink. My own dear Doctor R. D. (like all self-respecting doctors he keeps his name for learned medical papers only) says plenty of black coffee, and some aspirins. And perhaps the most terrible of all cures comes from Sam Aaron, the owner of Sherry-Lehmann Liquors: a quart of salted water taken upon arising.

It is obvious that there are almost as many cures as there are people, which brings one to Hilaire Belloc's immortal lines in the *Cautionary Tales*, when he talks of doctors: "Saying as they took their fees/there is no cure for this disease." Obviously too, the ravaged body needs some nourishment, stuff that is easy to swallow, but not insipid. The three recipes that follow have the experts' endorsement.

TEXAS CHILI

Use good and extremely lean stewing meat; steak and other fancy cuts will disintegrate in the long cooking. Notice the absence of beans; they are not indicated for a delicate stomach.

Grind or chop four pounds of lean stewing meat coarsely or cut the meat into small dice. Put the meat, one large chopped onion and two chopped garlic cloves into a large heavy skillet or kettle. Sear the ingredients until they are slightly browned, stirring all the time. Add one teaspoon ground oregano, one teaspoon ground cumin seed, six teaspoons of chili powder (or more if you

(Continued on p. 53)

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Analysis of Appeasement

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

Those many millions of Americans who do not understand why, some twenty-one years after the United States emerged from World War II as the most powerful country in the world, their husbands, brothers, fathers and sons should be dying in an undeclared "half war" against a two-bit Communist country in Southeast Asia can find the answer in M. Stanton Evans' latest book. For it is a thoroughly documented encyclopedia of our leaders' failures.

These are strong words, but as a writer in the same field I do not hesitate to write them. Evans has produced a 500-page indictment that is the more convincing because he does not so much accuse as expose. Since 1945, sad to say, a whole series of wrong-headed political decisions have, in his words, "given us a foreign policy whose major achievements have been the liquidation of Western hegemony in every quarter of the globe, the transfer of one billion people from the Western world to the armed camp of Communism, and the establishment of a Communist beachhead ninety miles from American shores. Now the people who have negotiated these disasters inform us they alone are qualified to tend to our diplomacy and that he who faults them for their conduct is suffering from mental aberration."

The Politics of Surrender, by M. Stanton Evans. Devin-Adair. $6.95

Evans calls himself a conservative. Perhaps his survey glosses too lightly over Eisenhower's failure to save Hungary and the Suez Canal, his ingenuous invitation to Khrushchev to visit the United States, and his refusal of Charles de Gaulle's request for a NATO directorate to shape NATO policy all over the world. Yet since the Democrats have been in power during most of these disastrous twenty years, theirs is the major responsibility. Nor does President Johnson's recently avowed readiness to "meet the Russians half way and even further than half way if that is necessary" indicate any recognition of error or change of heart.

Nonetheless, Democratic or Republican in origin, our mistakes are all here—and what a list! Truman comes off relatively well, except for Korea, and Evans does not stress that root of subsequent political folly, FDR's quaint notion that he could handle Stalin. But after all, it was Kennedy who first publicly identified the Kremlin men with the Russian people, refused to identify the former as our "enemy" and censored military leaders who advocated "victory"—lest it sound too aggressive.

But mostly *The Politics of Surrender* concentrates on the individuals responsible for the slow debacle. Here is exposed that "Pugwashed" mind, Walt Rostow, one of whose major fears is the possibility of further armed uprisings by freedom fighters in East Europe. Here are the machinations of "Chip" Bohlen, George F. Kennan, Harlan Cleveland, Adlai Stevenson; of *New York Times* staffers Herbert Matthews, Tad Szulc and David Halberstam, and of those singular American diplomats unaware of Moscow's undying hatred for the United States.

Evans is particularly effective in his dissection of the various American "surrender proposals"—the *Liberal Papers* and the *Phoenix Papers*, both advocating "togetherness" with Soviet Russia with the latter subsidized by American taxpayers. Particularly telling is his description of the McNamara defense policy as exemplified in an amazing report, *Study FAIR*, which argues that arms equality—the "balance of terror"—with the Soviet Union is preferable, because less dangerous, than U. S. preponderance.

About half the book consists of brief accounts of those many concrete American failures all over the world: the degeneracy of the United Nations; the loss of China through the opacity of General Marshall, Chiang-hating American diplomats and the Institute of Pacific Relations (whose influence John F. Kennedy as a senator had severely condemned); the neutralization of Laos leading to a real war in Vietnam; Kennedy's monumental surrender at the Bay of Pigs and his tragic promise not to oust Castro by force; our intervention on the wrong side in the Congo; *e tutti quanti*. Here you may read once more of the State Department's (happily) unsuccessful attempt to sabotage President Johnson's salutary action in the Dominican Republic and the New Frontiersmen's stubborn preference for "democratic leftists" like Juan Bosch, Rómulo Betancourt and Paz Estensoro in Latin America.

Perhaps the saddest element in the picture is that none of this had to happen. Evans' view, which this reviewer shares, is that "greater effort or a different kind of effort on our part could have brought about a different outcome. There is nothing mysterious about the Communists' having won so many battles when they have been trying to win and we have not."

This young newspaper editor attributes our failures to the Liberals' "chronic inability to perceive the nature of the world we live in and to close with the threat of Communist aggression." With this too I agree in so far as most Liberals (not all) are what he calls "environmentalists"—people who believe that history makes men and institutions rather than the reverse—and that by changing the environment one can eliminate undesirable traits such as belligerency. Today, they argue that the "trend of history" is toward a synthesis of capitalism and Communism

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(and by inference, of freedom and slavery) in "managed regimes" combining the best features of both. Hence our need for forbearance, a patience and above all, abandonment of any will to win the Cold War.

WHAT CAN we Americans do about it? A number of things, all of which boil down to three: stop strengthening the adversary; stop weakening ourselves and instead use our superior resources to create preponderant power and maximum safety through anti-missile missiles and fall-out shelters; and finally, "stop hurting and start helping the world anti-Communist forces we are supposed to lead."

With all this I wholeheartedly concur, with one small addendum: an intimate and indissoluble partnership, perhaps going as far as merger, with those countries that share our basic aims. Such a bloc, animated by Evans' policy, could checkmate the Communist world with a minimum of danger. Even with this small error of omission, *The Politics of Surrender* is unquestionably the political book of the year, doubly welcome at a time when those who got us into the present mess are urging us to go still farther along the fatal path of appeasement.

The Man Behind the Golden Myth

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE JAMES BOND story I reviewed, *en passant* in a bunch of crime novels, was *Diamonds Are Forever* in 1956. Its three predecessors had enjoyed only a very modest success. The critics—including, ironically, the left-wing highbrows—had given them a word of praise as being rather better-than-average thrillers for sophisticated connoisseurs, but the general public scarcely noticed them. Ian Fleming had made about £2,000 from the lot. When he'd finished *Diamonds Are Forever*, he doubted whether it would be worth writing another book.

The Life of Ian Fleming, by John Pearson. McGraw-Hill, $6.95

Five years later, when he suffered his first heart attack during an editorial conference at the *Sunday Times*, he was one of the best-known thriller writers in Britain. I was hastily summoned to compose an obituary notice for the *Times*. He wrote to me afterwards, saying he was glad it was I who was "to wield the black-feathered pen" and asking if he could see a copy. To my great regret, I never got around to showing it to him.

During the next two years, James Bond (in Ian's own phrase) "left the launching pad" and became a global phenomenon. In 1964, at the age of 56, Ian Fleming died.

The period of great success, the era of the burgeoning 007 cult, was, therefore, only a very small part of a life which he had always tried to live as fully, and in a style as custom-built to his own tastes, as he could. In this handsome official biography, John Pearson, who worked with him for a while on the *Sunday Times*, sets out to reveal and examine the rest of the iceberg. It is—for me, and I gather, for most of Ian's friends—a very moving book: it's also a very readable one. But I wish I'd shown Ian that obituary notice. His comments might have helped me to decide how true a picture John Pearson has painted; a question which I now find extremely difficult to answer.

Ian Fleming and his books were both simpler and more complex than they have sometimes been made out to be. Mr. Pearson has almost nothing to say about the books in a literary sense, except to remark, quite truly, that unlike the films they have no jokes in them. "Each," he says, "is written in deadly seriousness." Which is, of course, the only way to write good thrillers. What Ian Fleming did, consciously and affectionately, was to put a modern gloss on a traditional form. The form and his own style were straightforward enough, but he had in addition that rare gift of narrative which owes almost nothing to good writing or ingenious plotting. Edgar Wallace, for example, who was a far less literate writer, had it, too. The power of this gift is plainly recognizable wherever it appears, but its nature is subtle and deceptive.

ABOUT IAN FLEMING himself John Pearson has a great deal to say. The Flemings were a family in which success mattered. Ian was born, as one of his closest prewar friends says, with "everything he could possibly have wanted—looks, brains, enough money and position": but as a boy he was overshadowed by his brother Peter's brilliant career at Eton and at Oxford. He became an Army cadet, and didn't like it; tried the Foreign Office, and failed to get a place; had a spell with Reuters, when he covered the Moscow spy trials in 1933, and then became, somewhat unsuitably, a merchant banker.

For Ian, as for so many misfits, the war was a great release and probably the most satisfying period of his life. As personal assistant to the director of Naval Intelligence, he spent his time mainly behind a desk, but he did go on a couple of not very hazardous missions, armed with a fighting-knife and cyanide pistol disguised as a fountain pen, and he trained a special intelligence commando to seize documents as the armies advanced. He claimed afterwards to have played a small part in the foundation of the OSS during a visit to Washington, and he was an enthusiastic observer at Sir William Stephenson's training course for secret agents—but he flunked the final test, which was designed to show whether the trainees were ruthless enough to kill an enemy. Ian wasn't.

When the war ended, Lord Kemsley, the then proprieter of the *Sunday Times*, hired him to set up a foreign news service. And in 1952, at the age of 43 and after a long period of hesitation, he married Anne Rothermere, the divorced wife of another newspaper proprietor. It was

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to take his mind off this rash act, he used to say, that in the last weeks before the wedding, he sat down and wrote his first novel, *Casino Royale*. In fact, though, he had been toying with the idea for a long while, and, as if to indicate his commitment to a new career, he ordered from New York, before the manuscript was even sent to a publisher, a golden typewriter.

INTO THE Bond stories, and particularly into that first one, he put a lot of his own feelings and observations, elements both from his wartime experiences and from his fantasy life. Mr. Pearson sees great significance in these derivations, but the process is surely common to all writers. Of course Bond was partly the man Fleming would have liked to be, but the identification was strictly limited.

Bond was originally meant to be a two-dimensional character, the "blunt instrument of Government": but inevitably he began to put on flesh. Some of his tastes and attitudes were Fleming's own, others were simply those which Fleming thought admirable or interesting. Fleming admired toughness and could dramatize his own experience of pain, heightening it and transferring it to Bond. He was fascinated by gambling but was never himself a particularly bold or successful gambler: Bond was. He liked the idea of luxury, of good clothes, of the best food and the finest wines; but in real life he neither knew nor cared much about them. He ate *oêufs en cocotte*, drank whisky and wore plain blue suits. He never noticed the discomfort and austerity of his house in the West Indies, Goldeneye, though they were notorious among his guests.

He cultivated his friendships carefully but, like Bond, was intensely bored by the sort of London social life which his wife enjoyed. His relations with women, like Bond's, seem to have been unsatisfyingly clinical, intimate only physically. Like Bond, too, he was curiously blank and insensitive about politics, but professed (in his books—he was much too reticent to do so in conversation) an old-fashioned brand of patriotism. He was worldly, in the sense of being interested in how the world and its devices work, but also world-weary.

When success finally came, runs Mr. Pearson's thesis, it came too late. It was dust and ashes. Indeed, it proved fatal. Keeping up with Bond was too much for an overstrained heart. Fleming was fundamentally a very unhappy man, and death cheated him in the end.

BUT IS THIS TRUE? I still have, and am glad to have, an obstinate doubt. Ian Fleming certainly wasn't a boisterous extrovert, but he never struck me, except in those last months when he was visibly tired and his invention was running out, as intolerably sad. I thought he was enjoying his success and was intrigued by the technical problems of how best to exploit it. Perhaps I didn't know him well enough; it's clear from this biography that he kept his various friends and the different parts of his life in carefully separate compartments. Or perhaps Mr. Pearson, having formulated a theory, is a little too ready to make all the facts fit in. Some fruits of his theorizing I cannot accept. I decline to believe, for example, that "M" is really a projection of Ian's formidable mother.

This is a book, nevertheless, which I think Ian himself would have approved. He would have liked the journalistic vividness of its detail, its sharpness of light and shade, the dramatic — perhaps over-dramatic— shaping of each chapter: and he wouldn't have minded its gaps, its exaggerations and its lack of literary analysis. It contains a lot of good things: a calypso by Noel Coward, for instance, written on the occasion of Ian's wedding, and a hitherto unpublished fragment in which James Bond meets Zographos, the famous leader of the Greek Syndicate.

It enhances the pleasure of the Bond stories by illuminating some of the landscapes and people from which this twentieth-century myth was fashioned. But, most important of all, it presents a man, very human and contradictory, a man who was well worth knowing quite apart from his fame, and who is well worth reading about now, quite apart from his work. And if a few questions still remain unanswered at the end, a biography may be none the worse for that.

The Budget, Automation, Gold

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

PROFESSOR HELLER, who was President Kennedy's chief economist, allows a word or two to escape which do some damage to the theorist who campaigned, in 1960, on the program of "getting this country moving again." Professor Heller says Kennedy's "economic thinking was still in its formative stage" in January 1961. He was, alas, President by then. The new President was such a barbarian that he argued, even in private council, in behalf of a balanced budget. The horror-struck Professor Heller had to write the economic message for the Congress. He proudly reproduces one sentence of that message, in which a nod in the direction of the balanced budget is counterbalanced by several nods in the direction of Keynesian theory. "We counted seven escape hatches," says the professor, of that sentence, and not without justifiable pride. Does this weary you? I think it should invigorate you. We have come to the point where a recent chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers will complain in public that the U.S. elected an economic illiterate (tr., conservative?) who almost immediately became ensnared in the wicked trammels of Washington.

New Dimensions of Political Economy, by Walter W. Heller. Harvard, $3.50

Most Notorious Victory, by Ben B. Seligman. Free Press, $7.95

Gold and World Monetary Problems, symposium sponsored by National Industrial Conference Board. Macmillan, $5.95

Professor Seligman's book avoids the routine weeping about automation and tries (the subtitle is "Man in an Age of Automation") to put the whole business in perspective. Seligman fails for the same reason that every other author in this field has failed: he accepts all automation that has occurred up to the time of his writing, and rejects all automation that may occur later—and cannot for the life of him explain why Old Tom Watson's type-

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writer was a step in the right direction, while Young Tom's new machine is a threat to life and limb.

Seligman I will praise, nevertheless, for a vivid and pervasive sensitivity to life and limb. He has in the back of his mind real people, and the common concerns of people as they live their lives. He sits, occasionally if not daily, upon the throne of libertarians. He likes the idea of privacy. Will he, sooner or later, make the crucial distinction between 1) the government that can pry, and 2) the instruments that that government can use? Or between 1) man's wish to produce a great deal, and 2) the machinery he avails himself of to accomplish his end?

For all his attempt to make a case, Seligman fails. If repetition is inimical, why be a teacher? What could be more boring than to say the same thing, to equally unprepared minds, year after year? Repetition is not only an iron law of life; it is a bulwark of sanity. For every professor who sheds tears over the automatism of the average man's environment, I bet there are a hundred thousand men who welcome the regularity and certainty and (delusive) security of it all. Professors who enjoy life tenure should use great gentleness, I suppose, in criticizing those who have chosen merely different ways to automatize their production and their income. And their pension.

THE SYMPOSIUM birthed up by the National Industrial Conference Board is the most jived-up text to enter my library in many a year. The editors had the good sense to leave the transcripts alone, and so we get some of the by-play among economists and bankers and academicians from around the globe who know each other and who appear truly to respect each other—if only because they already know what the reader of these remarks may only begin to suspect: that economics in practice in public affairs is no science and no discipline but only an art, such as medicine or preaching. There may be a true science of economics (Von Mises says there is, but he insists it is *a priori;* and so it cannot guide the daily politico); there may be final medical procedures (no physician knows them); if one man's sermon is true then all opposing sermons are heretical (and what preacher swells his head to that extent?). The professionals allow great spaces for divergence.

Amongst themselves, the bankers and economists of the world talked about gold. Some said it was worthless, some said it was of ultimate value. The remarkable thing is that those who thought it worthless strove mightily to hang onto it. If gold is a useless hand-me-down from medieval banking, why not urge the banks to give it away to deluded citizens on a first-come-first-served basis?

Implicit, just one paragraph beneath the level of the proceedings, was the intuition that gold is irreplaceable. One gathers as much when one observes the central bankers railing against the stupidity of this metal—while they insist on making it a crime for anyone but themselves to hold it.

The conference produced several moments of genuinely witty confrontation, but the reader of its 240 pages of transcript will keep these moments less in mind than those moments when ancient intellectual rivalries gave way to sentimental agreement. From Left to Right, in quite a mixed bag I will assure you, before the end had come everyone had agreed that gold is money and that anything else is a substitute for gold and is therefore subject to discount. The Right tended to say that human beings work this way; the Left tended to say that human beings can be educated out of their barbarity. The question was raised, in defense of human good sense: If gold has never lost its purchasing power, and if all substitutes for gold have been depreciated beyond use sooner or later, why is it unreasonable to cling to gold as a more constant money?

Believe it or not, my friends, that question was not answered in four days of talks among the world's greatest monetary thinkers. It would do

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them a severe harm to say that the question was never raised. Having perused the transcript, let's do them that harm. They did refuse to ask the most fundamental question.

Otherwise these are good books, not trash. Ideas unmentionable ten years ago pop up in their pages. The Seligman and the gold book I commend to you especially. Each is readable, of some value, and not likely soon to be superseded.

The Chandelier of Existence

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

GABRIEL MARCEL has asserted, through a lifetime of philosophical meditation, that the West today is dominated by "the spirit of abstraction." This sickness—Marcel does not hesitate to call it such—is not reducible to any one source nor is it the prerogative of any one political party. The spirit of abstraction manifests itself in the excessive rationalization of work achieved by technocrats who recognize no right to existence that has not been underwritten by the laws of demiurgical science. It reveals its hand in the shriveling up of the human spirit to dead formulae fed into and then fed back by computers. At work in the anonymity of life within megalopolis, abstractionism is also one with modernity's typical hostility towards nature and towards all things that grow into being independently of the hand and mind of man. Marcel is to be saluted by all the friends of human decency because he has not feared to probe and to speak out against what Plato might have called the pathology of the Secular City.

Ascent to Being: Gabriel Marcel's Philosophy of Communion, by Vincent P. Miceli, S.J. Desclee Company, $4.50

Marcel's philosophy of communion through intersubjective participation transcends both the atomism of old-fashioned liberalism and the equally lonely barracks existence of totalitarian collectivism. No Western thinker today has cried out more eloquently against that "Crowned Ghost, History" in whose name the West today is invited to lay its head upon the executioner's block so that a New Jerusalem of secularity might be fashioned over the corpse of what was once civilization.

It is not surprising that Marcel—the implacable if gentle enemy of system builders—himself defies any exact and systematic study by those scholars who insist that understanding is one with card-cataloguing. Marcel teaches that philosophical truth is best found on the level of a "secondary reflection" in which the mind overcomes its initial tendency to divorce the richness of existence and dissect it into tissues of abstractions cut away from the concrete order. Marcel himself, therefore, can only be understood by philosophers at home on the level of "second reflection," at home within the density of being itself.

FATHER VINCENT MICELI, S.J., is to be congratulated, not only for attempting the difficult and delicate task of synthesizing Marcel's philosophy of communion, but also for having succeeded in such a stunning fashion. Professor of Philosophy at Loyola University of New Orleans Miceli's *Ascent to Being* is graced by a foreword written by Marcel in which he complains that most articles and studies dedicated to his thought are so many "handfuls of earth thrown on the living . . . there is no book such as yours." Marcel has found in this American Jesuit a response, not only to the letter but to the spirit of his thought.

Miceli's prose is surprisingly lucid because Marcel does not lend himself easily to lucid exposition. His refusal to philosophize in abstract terms readily degenerates into mystification in the hands of less skilled practitioners of the "philosophy of the concrete." Miceli leads the reader into the theme of communion after a brief but telling account of Marcel's earlier life—wisdom born out of bodily suffering—of his conversion to the Catholic faith and of his disillusion with philosophical idealism. (Marcel began his career by writing a book on Royce). The structure of his study

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builds around themes such as "The Risk of Divisiveness," "The Dialectic of Communion and Community," and culminates in a penetration of "The Christian Plenitude of Marcellian Communion."

Father Miceli has achieved a triumph in writing a book revealing the intimate relation between Marcel's metaphysics and his social philosophy. It is curious that critics of both the Left and the Right have complained that there is a contradiction between Marcel's existentialist metaphysics and uncompromisingly traditional social philosophy. Their complaint has been based upon the assumption that an existentialist approach to reality must be opposed somehow to the traditional spine of Christian civilization. These critics fail to take into account that Marcel himself has repudiated the "existentialist" label on the grounds that there simply is no such thing as existentialism as such.

Existentialist methodology, in the sense of exploring concrete reality in terms proper to itself rather than in terms of rationalist abstractions lends itself to philosophers whose intentions are often radically opposed one to another. The existentialist emphasis upon the dread wounding modern man truly does herald the coming of despair and of death, as in Heidegger. The existentialist preoccupation with alienation and with hate leads to

Sartre's "talent for the viscous" in the dry phrase of Marcel. But when Marcel looks to the deeper roots of human existence, then the existentialist methodology employed is the ally of traditional Christian values. It would be interesting to hear Miceli one day on Marcel's relation to the Thomism of Gilson.

THE AUTHOR OF *Ascent to Being* has shown that Gabriel Marcel's metaphysics illuminates his allegiance to an hierarchical society based upon personal loyalties and knit together by a corporate communion deeper than any mechanical cohesion wrought by ideology or utility. Marcel's metaphysics not only renders intelligible Marcel's political and social traditionalism, but the former really cannot be understood in isolation from the latter. The themes most typical of Marcel—communion, hope, presence, fidelity, reverence, friendship, love—are realities most frequently violated by a technocratic mind bent upon functionalizing humanity and torturing the spirit through what Marcel calls "techniques of degration," techniques typical of modernity and therefore hostile to the wellsprings of life as known in Christendom. Miceli does well in emphasizing the horror that invaded Marcel's delicate sensibility after World War II when the truth about Nazi and Soviet concentration camps invited the philosopher to probe the new ways in which progressivist ideology reduces the human thing to bestiality.

Marcel's distinction between problem and mystery is crucial for any understanding of his critique of modernity. Miceli writes that a "problem, then, for Marcel, is a mental investigation that is undertaken in respect to an object." By object, Marcel means any reality that is divorced in fact or in intention from the knowing subject. But "I cannot regard Being as outside myself, nor myself as outside Being." Being illustrates Marcel's understanding of mystery because Being involves the trans-objectivity of the subject knowing and of other human subjects as well. Nonetheless, contemporary secularism insists upon seeing the world and man precisely as though both were nothing more than problems to be solved rather than mysteries to be probed in reverence.

Chesterton once wrote that the chandelier of existence, if left alone, will glitter forever but if once struck by the hand of irreverence will shatter into a million pieces. Our fidelity to creation is our fidelity to ourselves, teaches Marcel in a similar context. And this fidelity to the fullness of

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Being wraps us into an overarching reality that bespeaks the Absolute Thou. Marcel's philosophy of communion leads into the properly Christian teaching on the Communion of Saints. Father Miceli ends his splendid study with a moving meditation on communion's apotheosis in the Mystical Body of Christ. Miceli directly confronts the rationalists who wish to divorce philosophical speculation from the Christian vision of existence. Insisting that the philosopher is always structured in space and time by some "given historical milieu from which he cannot abstract himself completely, nor ought [he] . . .," Father Miceli places himself fully within the tradition of what the community of learning calls "Christian Philosophy." In Vincent P. Miceli, S.J., that tradition has found a new champion.

Movies

Paris Warmed Up

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Is Paris Burning? is a picture that defies mathematics, for its parts are larger than the whole. Some of the parts manage to be quite good indeed. Just as a minor example, Hitler—in his brief appearance as played by Billy Frick—is shown as a credible human being, something I have not seen before on the screen, where he is usually portrayed as a slobbering imbecile. And as the major example, Gert Froebe in the role of General von Choltitz, the German commander of Paris who refuses to obey Hitler's order to burn the city, is equally credible, equally convincing. The story of the city's liberation—based on one of those endless-interview books—should have been straightforward enough for any director and producer. While the advancing Allies debate whether to take or bypass Paris, the French underground rises, de Gaulle's Free French divisions move toward the city, and von Choltitz is faced with the choice of obeying orders and probably making a name of infamy for himself like Quisling's or Boycott's by destroying one of the world's most beautiful cities, or of violating his officer's oath.

So much for the familiar story. Director René Clement has had all Paris to play in for his filmings and has even been allowed temporarily to blacken the buildings that Malraux as Minister of Culture has been so relentlessly sand-blasting to their original cream color. I believe there was a certain amount of difficulty in blocking out television masts and such. But in any case Clement has restored the Place de la Concorde to its very appearance, Nazi flags and all, that we can see in such contemporary books as *À Paris Sous la Botte des Nazis*. In fact many of the occasional shots seem to have been modeled from that book.

I think the chief flaw in the picture is that actual newsreel shots have been stitched into the film. The stitching is unsuccessfully covered up by deliberate blurring, and where the story has to adapt itself to the newsreels it loses continuity. Here is a film above most films that should have been made in Technicolor, as is tacitly admitted by the brief splash of color at the very end—but the old black-and-white interpolations interdicted this. An excessive cast of characters confuses the story, for all its obviousness. In the by-now somewhat faded tradition of *Around the World in Eighty Days* the smaller parts are taken by larger luminaries who want to get in on the act for a scene or so, with a result that is like a giant peek-a-boo. I can stand Simone Signoret as a sentimental bistro owner; I can stand Orson Welles (how he is

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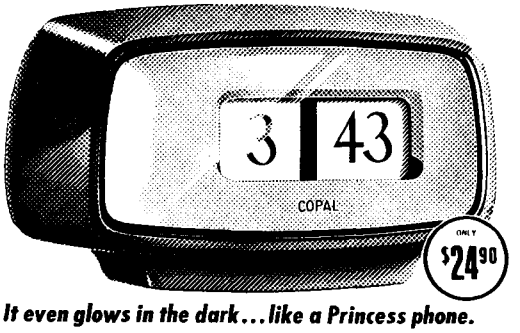

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aging these days!) as a Swedish consul; and I can just stand Glenn Ford as General Bradley; but Kirk Douglas as General Patton is about the most unlikely impersonation since Marion Davies played the flower in *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. Fortunately, nobody had the crust to play General de Gaulle, and he is shown in an old news clip striding across the Place de la Concorde with the great crowds surging towards him.

In spite of dynamite, bombs, Molotov cocktails, tough SS and selflessly sacrificing Resistance fighters, the tension required to make an adequate film of the material at hand just does not build up. Technically the film is adequate, except for that little matter of hand grenades. Compared to the real thing, film grenades always seem to have the explosive potential of an atomic charge. I remember how my old Canadian platoon rolled in the aisles as Robert Taylor blew up a bridge with a grenade. Such feats, I see, are still going on.

But let me not overlook the homely touches to our present film, even though the poignancy was somewhat destroyed for me by the man directly ahead who was eating a jeroboam of popcorn. There is the American GI who has always dreamed of Paris back home, who on the way to the City of Light keeps asking questions of everyone about where the Left Bank really is, who pores over maps of the city and so on. Finally he gets there in an armored car, and in a pause in the advance drops in for a quick one at a little café with a zinc counter and a checkered tablecloth—the very Paris of his dreams. Then, as he comes out the door, an SS man in the shrubbery takes aim with his carbine. One must either guess what happens next or go see the film. Gore Vidal and somebody named Coppola wrote the screenplay.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S BOOK OF SNOBS, by John, Duke of Bedford, in collaboration with George Mikes (Coward, McCann, $4.00). The author, who has already horrified snobdom by inviting *hoi polloi* to tour his ancestral home, endorsing shoes and committing other enormities, drops yet another bomb with this slim-yet-meaty guide on How To Rise. It tells all: what to eat, wear, drive, do, say; what diseases to have, when to drop names, where to tour and, above all, how to lick the hand that smites —everything to help the reader rise from "a highly honored and much-liked member of his own class" to a "tolerated and ridiculed member of the class one grade higher than his own." Once there, of course, "he must stay up in the cold, in the loneliness, in the emptiness and go on shooting grouse—which he hated from the beginning—and entertaining aging peeresses who bore him stiffer and stiffer." The Duke himself opts for being a downstart rather than an upstart. His book is scantily applicable to American-style climbing (though it might be of some use to ambitious graduate assistants on our university campuses); but it's rather fun. C. H. SIMONDS

CHALLENGE OF THE SEVEN SEAS, by Senator Claiborne Pell with Harold Leland Goodwin (Morrow, $6.95). If consistency were a reality instead of a virtue, this would not be a good book. As a senator, Mr. Pell has a voting record of long-playing Liberalism. But, as a Coast Guard Reservist, Captain Pell is more than knowledgeable on matters pelagic. Thus, he and Mr. Goodwin have been able to write a lucid, generally apolitical, account of oceanology which any American can read with profit. From surfing to cetology, scuba to SUBROC, *Challenge of the Seven Seas* does justice to the 70 per cent of earth's surface which is its concern. This oldest frontier is literally awash with fascinating topics and concepts. The most interesting parts of the book, to this reviewer, are those chapters dealing with the systematic harvest of the sea (aquaculture) and the interrelationship of the oceans to national

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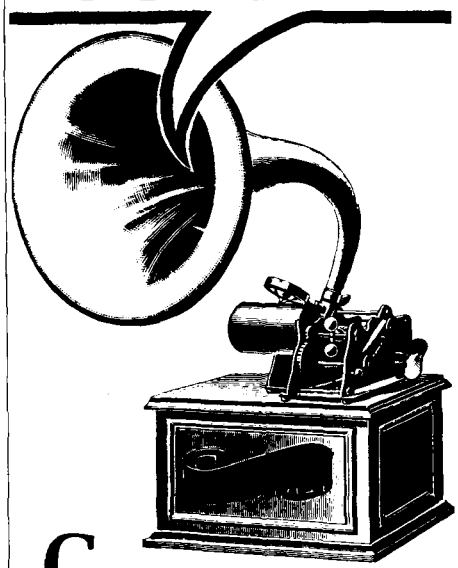

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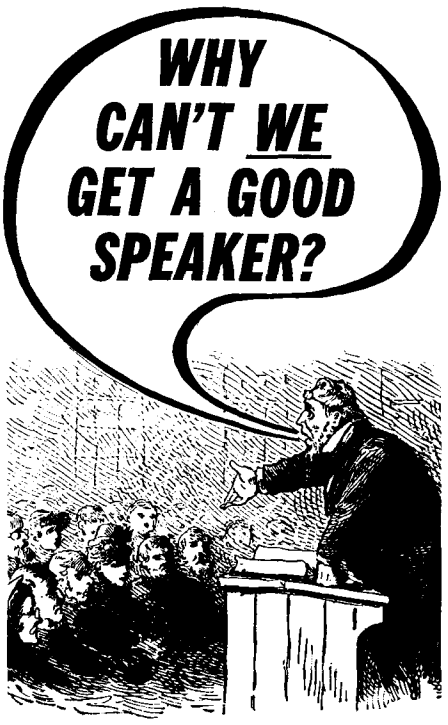

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A SHOWER OF STARS, by John J. Pellen (Lippincott, $5.95). In 1863 Secretary of War Stanton awarded 864 Congressional Medals of Honor to the entire muster-out roll of the 27th Maine Regiment. On the surface this would have seemed to have made the 27th Maine the most heroic regiment that ever fought. The men of the 20th Maine who struggled so gallantly under Colonel Chamberlain at Little Round Top and served through four bloody years of war won only four Congressional Medals. As a matter of fact the 27th Maine was a ninety-day regiment that never saw action. In 1917 a belated Medal of Honor review board finally struck 911 names from the list, including all the men of the 27th Maine. How such a decorative imbroglio came about has long puzzled John Pellen, who found references to this star shower when he was writing his history of the 20th Maine—a book that deserves its own honor medal in the Civil War Centenary's battle of books. In his present book the author has, by necessity, also written a history of the Congressional Medal of Honor. He has found the solution to the medal deluge through most imaginative research among long-minded Maine relatives and old Maine attics as well as in libraries and the National Archives. The result is a fascinating book, worthy to stand besides its worthy predecessor, and this is so for three reasons: Mr. Pellen was born in Maine and understands and loves the state with restrained Yankee affection; he has the inexplicable gift of being able to conjure up an incident or a landscape in (deceptively) simple words; he knows how to pick the right subject.

F. RUSSELL

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, by Karl Geiringer (Oxford, $7.50). This magnificent work belongs in the hands of every music lover. In its two sections—the life of Bach; his works—it sums up the research that has made such great strides in recent years. The first third of the book (the life) combines historical authority with manly praise of Bach's craft, honesty, devoutness, and transcendent genius. The remaining two-thirds, a critical and analytical discussion of several hundred compositions, will hold the attention of the expert only. In a book so searching, it is odd that Bach's keyboard technique, one of his most stupendous attainments, receives scant attention. Yet the book will last as a standard work for many years. What an adventure story was Bach's life! Mistakes, triumphs, love, travel, tribulation, enormous labors, obloquy and near oblivion. His widow had a pauper's funeral. One-third of his cantatas are lost, probably forever. It was a century before his works were edited properly. In his old age he was ridiculed for adhering to the antiquated contrapuntal style. Yet the experts knew. Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann copied and studied Bach's compositions. In 1750 when he died his "tradition" was dead. In my library, as I read this book, my radio sounds the first piano concerto of Brahms (d. 1897). Just before the final six-four chord, the orchestra dallies with the themes in a delightful, and contrapuntal, investigation. Genuine traditions, truthful traditions, will be with us always. We honor those who, like Bach, create new life by nourishing the true tradition.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (December 27)
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW:
I HEARD THE BELLS

And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men."
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead: nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Status secured by length of service	14 126 179 158 30 108 177 190 58
B. The Holy City to some people	16 118 61 45 171 96
C. A city in Iowa	25 197 142 70 128 206 191 64
D. What Franklin D. Roosevelt called Alfred E. Smith =	46 106 112 148 161 125 210 141 21 1
E. Two kinds of birds in Congress	53 207 200 74 35 69 3 59 31 62 72 82 100 138 153
F. An expensive thoroughfare	48 174 18 90 32 83 109 115 63 169
G. Home of one of the lost tribes	93 202 2 143 13 209 163
H. Obeying the statutes	131 166 84 185 55 65 4 194 98 34
I. The mother of Titus and Domitian	146 77 7 51 198 212
J. She had a man's name and helped get women the vote	149 201 15 184 75 26 54
K. An organization headed by the author of our quotation	170 29 86 111 36 42 104 107 122 135 152 183 167 211 17 23
L. They can be very human	180 186 20 172 168 144

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. What yes men are often caught doing	193 78 150 178 145 195 37
N. A short story by Chekhov	196 38 27 164 52 113
O. Once a body of old men; it now includes *comparative children*	136 8 12 41 50 76 89 99 120 156 165 175 208 214 33 60 71 91
P. A city on the Don River	6 79 94 39 85 181
Q. A close companion	5 101 80 127 24 182 132 137 110 154
R. An educational institution	56 129 81 114 159 173 9 199 204
S. Appointed lot	205 40 176 192
T. The head of the organization referred to by Word K	213 157 87 133 43 119 130 116
U. A tool used for cutting metal	19 44 134 121 139 123 102
V. Rousing from sleep	22 160 140 151 187 88 47 103 10
W. Type of airplane passenger (or non-passenger)	66 105 124 203 189 92
X. A nervous titter	73 95 67 188 28 49
Y. A breeze from the Orient	97 11 162 117 68 147 155 57

See page 50 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 D		2 G	3 E	4 H	5 Q		6 P	7 I	8 O		9 R	10 V	11 Y	12 O	13 G
14 A	15 J		16 B	17 K		18 E	19 U	20 L		21 D	22 V	23 K		24 Q	25 C	26 J	27 N
28 X	29 K	30 A	31 E	32 F	33 O	34 H		35 D	36 K	37 M	38 N	39 P		40 S	41 O	42 K	43 T
44 U	45 B	46 D	47 V	48 E	49 X		50 O	51 I	52 N	53 D	54 J	55 H	56 R	57 Y	58 A		59 E
60 O	61 B		62 E	63 F	64 C	65 H	66 W	67 X		68 Y	69 E	70 C	71 O		72 E		73 X
74 D	75 J	76 O	77 I	78 M	79 P	80 Q	81 R	82 E	83 F		84 H	85 P	86 K	87 T	88 V		89 O
90 F	91 O		92 W	93 G	94 P		95 X		96 B	97 Y	98 H	99 O		100E	101Q	102U	103V
	104K	105W		106D	107K	108A		109F	110Q	111K	112D		113N	114R	115F	116T	
117Y	118B		119T	120O	121U	122K		123U		124W	125D	126A	127Q	128C	129R		130T
131H	132Q		133T		134U	135K	136O	137Q	138E		139U	140V	141D		142C	143G	144L
	145M	146I		147Y		148D	149J	150M		151V	152K	153E	154Q	155Y		156O	157T
158A	159R		160V	161D	162Y		163G		164N	165O	166H	167K	168L	169F		170K	171B
172L	173R	174E	175O	176S		177A	178M		179A	180L	181P	182Q	183K		184J	185H	186L
187V		188X	189W	190A	191C	192S	193M		194H	195M	196N	197C		198I	199R		200D
201J		202G	203W	204R		205S	206C	207D	208O	209C		210D	211K	212I	213T	214O	

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HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 39)

like hot chili), two pounds of canned tomatoes (two cans) and two cups of hot water. Season with salt to taste. Bring to the boiling point, lower the heat, cover the pot and simmer for one hour. Skim off the fat as it rises during cooking time. Makes eight to ten servings.

FRENCH ONION SOUP

You can substitute wine for beef bouillon; French gastronomes recommend wine for its invigorating qualities.

Heat ½ cup butter and two tablespoons salad oil in a deep kettle. Add one to two lbs. thickly sliced onions (the quantity depends on how thick a soup you want). Cook the onions until they are very soft and brown, stirring frequently. Do not burn the onions. Stir one to two tablespoons of flour into the onions. Add six cups hot beef bouillon and two cups dry white wine or champagne. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Simmer covered over low heat for one hour. Put slices of French bread into the soup tureen. Pour the soup over the bread. Sprinkle with one cup grated Parmesan cheese. Heat in a hot oven (425°F) until the cheese is melted. Makes six servings.

TOM MARGITTAI'S SAUERKRAUT SOUP

Sauté one medium chopped onion and one minced green pepper in two tablespoons butter in a deep kettle. The onion should be soft and golden. Rinse 1½ pounds of sauerkraut under running cold water and squeeze until dry. Add it to the butter and onion and cook the mixture over medium heat for about ten minutes, stirring frequently. Do not scorch. Stir in one tablespoon flour. Add six to eight cups hot bouillon, season with salt and pepper and add two bay leaves to the soup. Simmer covered for one hour. For added flavor, coarsely chopped smoked sausage, smoked ham or pork may be put into the soup. Makes four servings.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 8)

any pride in their nation.

Lombard, Ill. RAYMOND MOSTEK
President
Illinois Audubon Society

The Best of Batch

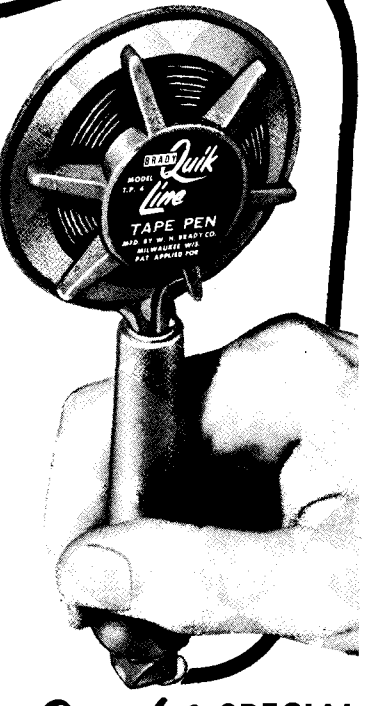
Re the C. D. Batchelor cartoons—they are the work of a man who lived into the world situation so fully and portrayed it so graphically I feel as though I must have lived those years in a haze.

Thanks for the chance to see clearly the way we have come, and to appreciate a man who saw it all clearly as—and even before—it happened.

Hillsboro, Mo. MRS. MARJORIE A. FELICE

Have fun with this funny looking pen...

(but there are a lot of engineers, draftsmen, company presidents, do-it-yourselfers, and everybody who owns one who don't think it's so funny)



Why? Take that dispenser on top, for example. It holds self-sticking tape — from lead pencil narrow 1/64" to a wide 1/4". Why *tape?* Because it's *faster!* Simpler to use than a ruling pen. Easy to use as a pencil (the pen swivels 360°). It saves as much as 35% on drafting board time for "pros" . . . can save amateurs far more time.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Would you believe it: *Congressional Quarterly* reports that self-styled GOP "ideologist" **Jacob Javits** voted for Great Society programs more consistently in 89th Congress than Democrat **Robert Kennedy.** Their votes: Javits for LBJ, 75 per cent; Kennedy, 64 per cent. . . . Big fight shaping up among Senate Democrats over who will succeed Sen. **Smathers** as Secretary of influential Senate Democratic Conference: conservative Sen. **Robert Byrd** of West Virginia or Liberal **Joseph Clark** of Pennsylvania. (Which are the three major threats to the survival of American democracy? The USSR, Red China, North Vietnam? Not according to Senator Clark. They are, in order, the military-industrial complex, CIA and the FBI). . . . On Republican side, Sen. **John Tower** reportedly will pull out of race for influential chairmanship of GOP Campaign Committee in order to consolidate conservatives behind **George Murphy** against Liberal **Hugh Scott** (Pennsylvania's other senator). Scott has against him a) overt commitment to Romney, b) unbridled attacks on conservative YR leadership, c) erratic Republicanism—he voted with leadership on fewer than half the major issues in 89th, d) lukewarm-to-no support from National Chairman **Ray Bliss,** who has called him a "divisive influence on the Party."

■ New economy push (even LBJ may be pushing it) in 90th Congress could lead to cutback on poverty funds and, in turn, to **Sargent Shriver**'s resignation. . . . Sen. **Mansfield** is not the only Democratic leader who believes time is at hand for financial retrenchment and hard look at administration of Great Society programs. . . . Social Security taxes, among others, will hit hard after Jan. 1. Maximum Social Security payment in 1965 was $174; in 1967 will be $299.40—with no loopholes . . . . School expenditures still soaring. They are up from $20.5 billion in 1955 to $44.8 billion in 1966. . . . U.S. men under arms topped 3 million in 1966—up nearly half a million from a year earlier. . . . Also up: draft dodgers. *National Guardian* says 680 young men were indicted by government for violating selective service regulations in twelve months ending June 30—that's twice the number of preceding twelve months.

■ Yale professor **Staughton Lynd,** who made unauthorized trip to Hanoi a year ago, giving Wednesday evening seminar at New Haven on how to avoid the draft. . . . At last moment Sen. **Vance Hartke** got cold feet and skipped huge mid-December SANE anti-Viet war rally at Madison Square Garden. Hartke, who had been listed as major speaker for weeks, wired the very afternoon that he couldn't make it because of press of other business. . . . Voice of Moderation Dept: New Year's greeting to his friends from fellow traveler Prof. **Frederic Schuman** of Williams: "In systematic mendacity and systematic *Schrecklichkeit* [terribleness] and genocide, the [U.S. aggressive] war in Vietnam is without precedent since Hitler's Reich." . . . Latest offshoot of Students for a Democratic Society is Radical Education Project (REP) which SDS sees as the "intellectual center for the New Left Movement in America." It has applied for tax-exempt status.

Waite-*Sun* Ben Roth Agency

"I thought he had his last chance the chance before last."

■ Not only does the U.S. seem to be buying Red China steel (through Hong Kong cutouts) for help in prosecuting Vietnam war, it may now have to turn to Soviet Union for chrome, also urgently needed in war effort. Reason: our major supplier to date has been Rhodesia and U.S. voted for the UN sanctions against R. . . . Another irony: Zambia, which has been conducting economic war against Rhodesia since UDI, now does the major part of her trade with South Africa! . . . While UN delegates talk about extending Rhodesian sanctions to South Africa, plans are going ahead for building of multi-million-dollar oil tanker facilities at Capetown, as halfway station between Persian Gulf and American and European oil markets. Suez canal is not wide enough for new supertankers.

■ Will or will not the House bounce **Adam Clayton Powell?** Cautiously worded statement by GOP Republican leader Rep. **Gerald Ford** indicates there is an outside chance. "When all this evidence [being gathered by a special House subcommittee] comes before the House on Jan. 10 there is a distinct possibility Mr. Powell will not be seated." . . .Among the discoveries, Powell's House Education and Labor Committee ran up $72,000 in air travel bills in 89th Congress (five times what other committees spend) and most committee employees have testified they did not take the trips in question. . . . **Tony Smith, Barry Goldwater**'s press secretary in the 1964 campaign and until last month his Washington representative, is now working for conservative Republican freshman Congressman **Donald "Buz" Lukens** of Ohio, former Young Republicans president. Lukens is regarded as a comer in the party. . . .Liberal Ripon Society speculates that leading candidates for job of Romney campaign manager are Gov. **John Love** of Colorado, Gov. **Dan Evans** of Washington and GOP national vice-chairman **Donald Ross** of Nebraska—all certifiably Liberal.

■ Switzerland staking out claim as watchmaker for the world again in 1967. It has developed a 160-pound atomic clock for the Montreal World's Fair which, it claims, will not lose a second in 30,000 years; and, for more portable needs, a "miniskirt" watch to be worn just above the knee.

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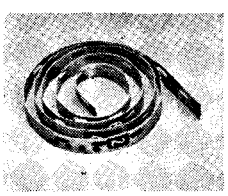
Schick Science announces the new AUTO-BAND

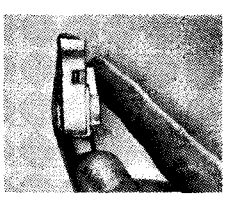
New Schick Band Razor

Schick patent #2492292
Schick patent #2591702
Other patents pending...

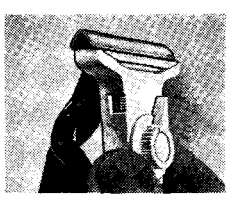


10 new edges, not just 6. Ten new Schick Super Stainless Steel Edges on a continuous band.

Patented slotted band. Band holds taut between two spools. Gives you the control *and* the comfort you want.



For a new shaving edge, just wind the lever on the cartridge. It's easy. Guide numbers are on the side.



Lasts longer too. After extra weeks of shaving, snap in a new 10-edge cartridge — you never touch a blade.

Schick Science brings you the new cartridge-loaded Schick Band Razor. Inside the cartridge, not just six, but *ten* Schick Super Stainless Steel Edges coiled into one continuous shaving band.

It's completely different. Better. In every way. You get a faster, smoother, closer shave.

The patented Schick band is slotted. It feeds between two spools, holds each new edge taut to give you the control and the comfort you want.

You'll like the convenience. You'll like the way each edge has the famous Super Krona coating to shave you closer—with greater comfort.

Schick 10-edge Band Razor $2.95

Schick Safety Razor Co., Division of EVERSHARP,® Inc.

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Looks just like brick—but it's solid vinyl tile!

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

Kentile Colonial Brick has all of brick's bold beauty. But it's far quieter. More comfortable underfoot. Easier to maintain. Greaseproof. Takes heaviest traffic in stride—anywhere indoors.

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